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VOICES

FROM THE MOUNTAINS

AND

FROM THE CROWD.

BY

CHARLES MACKAY.

'Che fai alma ? che pensi ?'

PETRARCH.



BOSTON:

TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

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P R E F A C E .

It is not always that prefaces are necessary to books, although custom has done its best, or worst, to make the practice of writing, if not of reading them, an imperative one.

In the present case, the author feels that it would be peculiarly ungracious to depart from the established rule, and to allow this volume to be placed before the American public, without a few words of explanation and of acknowledgment.

The poems in this collection are now, for the first time, brought together. They include three small volumes published in England at intervals between the years 1846 and 1851, under the titles of 'Voices from the Crowd,' 'Voices from the Mountains,' and 'Town Lyrics.' They also include many fugitive pieces gathered from the periodical publications and other works, in which they originally appeared, as well as a considerable number of new poems, now first given to the world. The author was requested by his friend Mr. J. T. Fields, of the firm of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, to collect them for the American public, and the present edition is the result.

This circumstance he considers himself bound to mention in the interests of Literature, to show that national and international treaties of copyright are not always necessary in the transactions of authors in England and publishers in the United States; and that kindly feeling and a high sense of

honor, may, in the absence of law, produce results which are as satisfactory to the writers of books, as creditable to those whose function it is to distribute them.

Mr. Emerson, in one of his thoughtful and beautiful Essays, speaks of 'new voices reviving a hope that the thoughts of the mind, may yet in some distant age, in some happy hour, be executed by the hands.' The author hopes that his 'New Voices' may in this distant, but kindred land, into which they are now cast, be as kindly received as they were in his own,—and that they may not altogether fail in exciting others to indulge in the same aspirations for the good of humanity, and in the same fervent love of Nature in which he indulges himself.

It may perhaps be necessary to say a few words on the political complexion of that portion of the collection, included more especially under the title of 'Voices from the Crowd.'

Those lyrical pieces were for the most part written in a time of political and social agitation—to aid as far as rhymes could aid, the efforts of the zealous and able men who were endeavoring to create a public opinion in favor of untaxed food, and of free trade, and free intercourse among the nations of the world. They were written as plainly as possible, that they might appeal to the people, in the peoples' language, and express the wants of the many in phraseology, broad, simple and intelligible as the occasion.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 8, 1852.

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VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is essential for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It mentions the use of both traditional and modern techniques, highlighting the need for continuous improvement in data management practices.

3. The third part focuses on the role of technology in enhancing data collection and analysis. It discusses how digital tools can streamline processes and provide more comprehensive insights into the organization's performance.

4. The fourth part addresses the challenges associated with data management, such as data quality, security, and integration. It offers strategies to overcome these challenges and ensure that the data is reliable and secure.

5. The fifth part concludes by summarizing the key findings and recommendations. It stresses the importance of a data-driven approach in decision-making and the need for ongoing monitoring and evaluation of the data management system.

VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

THE PROLOGUE.

'WE three are young ; we have a month to spare :
Money enough ; and, whistling off our care,
We can forsake the turmoil of the town,
And tread the wilds — making our faces brown
With sunshine, on the peaks of some high Ben.
Let us away — three glad, unburden'd men —
And trace some mountain-torrent to its source,
Mid fern, and heather, juniper, and gorse,
Braving all weathers. I, with gun, one day
Will cater for you, and go forth to slay
The grouse in corries, where it loves to dwell ;
Or sit with you, upon some granite-fell,
And talk for hours of high philosophy,
Or sun ourselves in warmth of poesy :
And should these tire, with rod in hand, we 'll go
To streams that leap — too frolicsome to flow —
Angling for trout, and catch them by themselves,
In fancied citadel, beneath the shelves
Of slippery stone, o'er which the waters rush.
Let us away. My cheeks and forehead flush
At the mere thought ; so glad would be my soul
To be alone with Nature for one whole

Untrammell'd month — having no thought of dross
Or dull entanglements of gain and loss ;
Of Blackstone drear, or Barnewell's Reports,
Or aught that smells of lawyers and the courts.
Let us away, this pleasant summer time,
Thou, Karl, canst muse, and shape the tuneful rhyme
Amidst thy well-beloved hills and straths :
Thou, Patrick, canst ascend the mountain-paths,
Thy well-filled flask in pocket, and rehearse
Plain prose with me, as genial as his verse ;
And wet or whet each argumental flaw
With running waters, dashed with usquebaugh.'
Thus Alistor, a Templar keen and young,
Of a clear head, and of a fluent tongue ; —
Subtle logician, but with earnest mind,
And heart brimful of hope for human kind,
Spake to his friends ; and him, with voice of cheer,
Answer'd the rhymers : ' Half one toilsome year
I've moiled in cities, and, like thee, I long
To see the placid lochs, the torrents strong.
The purple moors, the white rocks, crimson-crowned,
And amber waters, in their depths embrowned.
One month of freedom, from the drowsy thrall
Of custom, would be health, joy, wisdom, all,
To us who know each other, and delight
To be let loose into the infinite
Of our own fancies — free from task and rule,
And all the stiff conventions of the school
Of the great world. Our tyrant, lean-faced care,
Shall not pursue us to the mountain air,
If we play truant. Let us hence away,
And have one month of pleasure while we may.'

Patrick, the rough in speech, the true in heart,
A sculptor, born to elevate his art,
And loving it with fervor, such as burned
In old Pygmalion's spirit, when he yearned
For the sweet image that his hands had made,
Shouted consent. 'But whither bound?' he said,
'What far off mountain-summit shall we scale?
What salt-sea loch, winding through many a vale,
Shall we explore? Or shall we rather glide
Through lakes inland, unruffled by a tide? —
Not that it matters. Thou, friend poet, know'st
Better than we all grandeurs of the coast:
The lochs, the straths, the hoary-headed Bens,
The windy corries, and the wild, green glens,
And all the thunderous waterfalls that leap
Betwixt the Atlantic and the German deep;
And we will follow, if our guide thou'lt be,
By Lomond, Linnhe, Lochy, or Maree;
Through Rosshire moors, to Hebridean isle,
Or mid the lordly mountains of Argyll,
Where'er thou wilt.' The poet made reply,
With a keen pleasure sparkling in his eye:
'There is a valley, beautifully lone,
Rude of access, to few but hunters known:
A glen so full of grey magnificence,
Of rock and mountain, that with love intense,
Salvator's self, if thither he had strayed,
Might, rapture-struck, a dwelling-place have made
Of some wild nook. There filled with ecstasies,
He might have sat, his spirit in his eyes,
And all his mind impregnate, till he wrought
On the dumb canvas an immortal thought.

But not all rude and gloomy is the vale :
Ye wild thyme odors, floating on the gale ;
Ye tufts of heather, blooming on the slopes ;
Ye birch-trees, waving from the rocky copes
Of many a hill, your boughs festooned in braids,
Or drooping, like the locks of love-lorn maids ;
Ye dark green pines ; ye larches, fan-like, spread ;
And ye, witch-scaring rowans, gleaming red ;
Ye flowers innumerable, earth-jewels fair,
That lift your eyelids to the morning air ;
And all ye torrents, that with eloquent voice,
Call on the mountain-echoes to rejoice
And sing, amid the wilderness, a song
Of jubilant gladness, when your floods are strong ; —
Attest the wild luxuriance of the scene
That lengthening spreads (with many a strath between,
And purple moorland, haunt of birds and bees)
Around the fern-clad feet and shaggy knees
Of mighty Nevis, monarch of the hills,
The paramount of mountains, gemmed with rills,
Scantily robed ; his Titan-shoulders nude,
Lifting his head in royal solitude
Above his peers, and looking grimly down
Over all Britain from his misty crown.'

Thus spake the rhymers ; and between them three
Was made a binding compact, suddenly,
That they should waken with the morning sun,
And journey northwards. As was said, was done.
Borne on the wings of steam, ten leagues an hour,
They called it slow, but blessed its mighty power ;
And thought awhile, in pensive wonder dumb,

Of greater triumphs in the days to come.
When Distance (dim tradition of the Past,
Worn-out idea, too absurd to last)
Should bar no more the enterprise of man,
Nor time compress his efforts to a span ;
When docile lightnings, tethered to a wire,
Should turn to messengers at his desire,
And bearing thoughts from Europe to Cathay,
Start at the twilight and return ere day :
And of the social evils that should cease
In the new age of intercourse and peace ;
When War, old tyrant, bloody-faced and pale,
Should yield his breath, run over on the rail ; —
Crushed by the car of Steam, no more to rise,
To fill the world with tears and agonies.

Short was their stay, nor turned they ev'n aside
To view the mighty city of the Clyde,
The great metropolis of plodding folk,
Tall chimneys, cotton, enterprise, and smoke ;
But bound for Crinan while the morn was new,
Bade to the lovely Firth a fond adieu.

Clear was the sky ; the sea reflected back
The morning lustre, as they held their track
By Rothesay, through the Kyles ; and evermore
Some varied beauty wooed them from the shore
To gaze upon it. Green hills speck'd with sheep,
Or jutting rocks that nodded o'er the deep ;
And, here and there, some mighty boulder stone,
Rolled from a precipice to stand alone —
Memento of convulsions that had wrung
The hills to agony when earth was young.

High to the south, majestic Arran rear'd
Its jagged peaks, storm-battered, riv'n, and seared ;
And blue Lochfine, enswathed by mountains dun,
Displayed her teeming bosom to the sun,
And raised her ripples to reflect the light,
While graceful sea-gulls plumed in snowy white,
Followed the creaming furrow of the prow
With easy pinion pleasurable slow,
Then on the waters floated like a fleet
Of tiny vessels, argosies complete,
Such as brave Gulliver, deep wading, drew
Victorious from the ports of Blefuscu.

And sweet to these rejoicing mariners
Were Crinan's banks, o'ergrown with sunny furze,
With berried brambles, spotted foxglove bells,
Like Mab's pagodas built on pigmy fells,
With hawthorn bushes, purple-crested heath,
And orchis and anemones beneath
In plenteous beauty. Disembarking here,
Fresh for the exercise, and full of cheer,
They walked rejoicing onward, staff in hand,
Across the isthmus, nine good miles of land,
And left the lingering track-boat in the locks,
While they went scrambling over briery rocks
For heather sprigs, to grace their caps of blue ;
Then on again, rejoicing in the view
Of fertile valleys dotted black with kine,
And hills knee-deep in tamarisk and pine ;
Discoursing as they went of mica schist,
The old red sandstone, and the great ' Fire mist.'
Of nebulæ — exploded ; and the birth,

Myriads of ages past, of a young earth ; —
Still young and fresh, though venerably old ;
And of the wondrous tale in ' Cosmos ' told,
Of heavenly architecture infinite,
Suns, systems, groups, revolving in the light
Of beauty eternal, and eternal law ; —
Of infinite love, magnificence, and awe.

And thus the hours were rapidly consumed
In furnace of their thought, and toil entombed
In mental working ; so that when the sea
Burst on their startled vision suddenly,
They doubted if their eyes beheld indeed
Loch Crinan, and those seas that, like a mead
Sprinkled with flow'rs, were studded o'er with isles ;
But soon they knew them gleaming in the smiles
Of an unclouded sun ; and once again
Stepping on ship-board, steamed along the main.

Most lovely ! oh ! most beautiful and grand
Were all the scenes of this romantic land !
Isle after isle, with grey empurpled rocks,
Breasted in steadfast majesty the shocks,
Stupendous, of the wild Atlantic wave ;
Many a desolate sonorous cave
Re-echoed through its inmost vaults profound,
The mighty diapason and full sound
Of Corryvreckan — awful orator —
Preaching to lonely isles with eloquent roar ;
Many a mountain reared its lordly crest,
Bronzed or empurpled by the radiant west ;

Many a hill-girt loch indented far
The mainland ; many a high and frowning scaur,
The haunt of sea-fowl, raised its barren form,
Furrowed with age, defiant of the storm ;
And over all this hazy realm was spread
A halo of sad memories of the dead :
Of mournful love-tales ; of old tragedies,
Filling the heart with pity, and the eyes
With tears, at bare remembrance ; and old songs
Of love's endurance, love's despair, love's wrongs
And triumph o'er all obstacles at last ;
And all the grief and passion of the past.
Invoking these to daylight from the womb
Of dim tradition, into fuller bloom
Of their fresh fancy, greater ravishment
Was it to them to ponder as they went,
Upon each legend in its own sad place,
To which it lent a beauty and a grace.

And when they reached the rock-bound shore of Mull,
A land of driving sleets and vapors dull,
But filled with mournful grandeur and austere
Magnificence, the Western wave shone clear
In the last beams of day. The dying light,
Ere it departed, swathed each mountain height
In robes of purple ; and adown the west,
Where sea and sky seemed mingling—breast to breast—
Drew the dense banks of ponderous clouds, and spread
A mantle o'er them of a royal red,
Belted with purple — lined with amber — tinged
With fiery gold — and blushing-purple fringed.

And gorgeous was it o'er the Western Isles
To gaze upon the sunset mid those piles
Of mountainous clouds. They reared their sunny copes
Like heavenly alps, with cities on their slopes,
Built amid glaciers — bristling fierce with towers,
Turrets, and battlements of warlike powers —
Jaggéd with priestly pinnacles and spires —
And crowned with domes, that glittered in the fires
Of the slant sun, like smithied silver bright ; —
The capitals of Cloudland. When the light
Grew paler, and the Eastern dark came down,
And o'er the mystery drew his mantle brown,
'T was lovely still to watch the shore and sea
Robed in the garment of obscurity ;
To see the head-lands looming through the mist,
As if dissevered from the earth, they wist
Not altogether of which element
They were a part, indissolubly blent.

The lights of Oban glimmer'd faint and far,
And over Cruachan shone out one star
Attendant on the moon : who, issuing forth
Yellow and full, displayed to all the north
Her matron face, and o'er each eastern hill
Poured sleepy lustre. Beautifully still
Lay Lochlin in her beams — Lochlin whose breast
Wafted so oft the chieftains of the west
To bloody warfare ; Lochlin that of yore
The galleys of the Gael to battle bore
Against the men of haughty Innisfail ;
Lochlin of storms, where Fingal spread his sail
To meet Cuchullin ; Lochlin of the spears ;

Blue Lochlin of the songs of other years.
A mournful sea it was, a mournful shore ;
But yet so lovely, vested in the hoar
Antiquity of many memories,
That they regretted when their watchful eyes
Described Fortwilliam and their journey's end,
And great Ben Nevis, corried, strath'd, and glenn'd,
Rising before them. Soon the sorrow pass'd, —
For they had reached a resting place at last,
Where for a season they might feed Delight
On Beauty, and in worldly Care's despite
Give themselves up to Nature — not in part,
But with all energy of mind and heart —
That ere returning to the world again
That little month might make them better men.
And what they talked of, what they dreamed or sung,
What tales they told, or beads of fancy strung,
What aspirations of a better time,
They formed for men, behold in rhythm and rhyme.

THE MAN IN THE DEAD SEA.

AN APOLOGUE.

WALKING on the Dead Sea shore,
 Meditating evermore,
 Underneath the burning ray
 Of intolerable day,
 I beheld a fearful thing —

Bloody deed as e'er was done,
 Wrought, unblushing, unrelenting,
 In the presence of the sun.

Fair, and young, and bright was he,
 Who that morning walked with me,
 By the margin of the sea ;
 Calm, and eloquent, and wise,
 Radiant in immortal youth ;
 Knowledge sparkled from his eyes,
 From his forehead living truth.
 He was a youth indeed divine,
 A master and a friend of mine,
 For whose dear sake I would have given
 All on the mortal side of heaven.

We talked together and paced along;
We did no mortal creature wrong;
And sometimes sitting on the sands,
Or on the jutting rocks below,
He looked at me, and clasped my hands,
And told me things I ought to know —
Things of heaven and things of earth,
Things of wisdom and of mirth;
The wisdom cheerful, the mirth most wise,
And both brimful of mysteries.

There came a woman by the way,
A stately woman, proud and strong;
Her robe of purple velvet shone,
Like a starry night, with precious stone,
And trailed the sands as she swept along.
She wore a dagger at her side,
Jewel-hilted, bright, and keen:
You might have told, by her crown of gold,
This gorgeous woman was a queen.
But more by her eyes, that flashed the fire
Of one accustomed to control;
To rule in awe, and give the law
That binds the body and the soul.
And, in her train, there followed her
A well-armed troop of stalwart men,
So bloody and bare, I do not care
Ever to see their like again.

My friend arose and looked at her;
Calm and beautiful he stood,
With such magnificence of eye,
As God but gives unto the good.

She scowled at him ; each quivering limb

In all her body spoke her wrath ;

And her fearful tongue loud curses flung

At the mild presence in her path :

‘ Monster of evil ! fiend of guile !

What brings thee here to blast my sight ?

But since thou darest in the day,

To meet and brave me in the way,

We’ll try thy power — we’ll know thy right.’

‘ Lady,’ said he, and mildly spoke,

While heavenly beauty lit his face,

‘ My God hath made me what I am,

And given me an abiding place ;

And if my presence please thee not,

The world is wide — thou need’st not come,

To slay me in each quiet spot,

Where I have sanctified a home.

Thou’st taken from me wide domains,

And followed me with hate and scorn ;

Enjoy thine own — let me alone —

I wait in patience for the morn.’

A frenzy flushed her burning brow,

A rage too mighty to contain ;

Her nostrils widened, and seemed to smoke ;

She grasped her neck as she would choke,

And then, like one who suffered pain,

Her trembling lips she did compress ;

Her cheeks grew cold and colorless.

But soon the madness of her blood

Boiled in her bosom where she stood ;

Her eyes seemed coals of living flame,
And incoherent curses came,
Gasping and gurgling, from her mouth.
Never tornado of the south
Made half the wreck as, in that hour,
She would have made had she the power.
My friend stood by, with folded arms,
Serene, and innocent, and pure ;
And when she saw that he but smiled
At all her hate, she could endure
No longer on his face to look,
But smote it with her jewelled hand :
'Insensate wretch !' she fiercely said,
'Let me not slay thee where I stand ;
I will not stab thee to the heart,
Lest, in my haste, I mar delight,
And thou shouldst die and end thy pain
Too suddenly before my sight.
Not yet thy venomous blood shall flow,
But I *will* slay thee ere I go !'

Her body-guards, so fierce and grim,
Seized his arms and pinioned him ;
And every one, with his gauntlet on, —
An iron gauntlet heavy to bear, —
Smote him on his cheeks and eyes,
And bruised his lips, so ruddy fair,
Till the blood started and over-dyed
The bloom of his face with gory red.
And then they spat on him in spite,
And heaped foul curses on his head.
And he — what could he do but pray,

And let them work their cruel will? —
Turned his looks to the judging sky,
Appealing, though forgiving still.

Then from his lily skin they tore
Every vestment that he bore;
Smote him, threw him on the ground,
And his limbs with fetters bound;
Naked, helpless, and forlorn,
Mark for all their wrath and scorn;
And, with lying words, accused
Of every shame, deceit, and crime;
And, when once he strove to speak,
Filled his mouth with sand and slime;
Stamping on him as he lay,
Bound and bleeding on the way.
And I, alas! alone, alone!
Could but curse them and bemoan
That I could not, as I trod,
Grasp th' avenging bolts of God.

And as he lay upon the beach,
Deprived of motion and of speech,
The queen, that woman so proud and fierce,
Looked upon him with feverish joy;
Her fiery glances seemed to pierce
Through and through the bleeding boy.
She put her hand on his naked breast,
And felt his heart: 'Ah! well,' said she;
'It beats and beats, but shall not beat
To vex me thus incessantly.'
And she drew the poniard from her side,

Slowly, calmly, sheath and all;
Unsheathed it—felt if its edge was sharp,
And dipped its point in poisonous gall;
And, kneeling down, with flashing face,
Gazed upon him, in that place.

She did *not* stab him: she grasped his flesh
As if she'd tear it from his bones;
Then took the slime from his bleeding mouth
That she might hear his piteous groans.
He faintly said, 'Thou canst not kill;
My charmed life defies thy will.'
'I can,' she answered—whispering low;—
'This is the death that thou shalt know.
Thy days are numbered—thy race is run;
Thou art an insult to the sun.'
And in his breast, up to the hilt,
She plunged the dagger, and wrenched it round,
Then drew it out with a joyous cry,
And pointed to the ghastly wound;
Then drove it in again—again,
With force redoubled every time;
And left it sticking in his heart
For very luxury of crime.

Sense and motion left his frame,
From his lips no breathing came:
'He's dead,' quoth she; 'he's dead at last,
And all my agony is past.
Take him up, let the Dead Sea wave
Float him about without a grave;
Take him up, and throw him in.

In these waters none can sink ;
Mid the foul naphtha let him swim,
To gorge the vultures, limb by limb,
When they come to the water's brink ;
And if they come not, let him lie,
Rotting betwixt the wave and sky ; —
Take him by the heels and chin,
And spit on him, and cast him in.'

They twined their coarse hands in his hair ;
They took his body so white and fair ;
They spat upon his patient face,
Pale, but filled with heavenly grace ;
They took him up, and in the sea,
They cast him ignominiously.
And the fearful woman, proud and strong,
The fiendish woman who did the wrong,
Bade clarion sound, and trumpet play,
And went exulting on her way.

A sudden wind — a treacherous wind
Arose upon that Dead Sea shore ;
The heavy waves began to swell,
To chafe, and foam, and lash, and roar ;
A gloom o'erspread the clear blue sky : —
Once alone I could descry
His fair white limbs go floating by
On the crest of a distant wave ;
And I sat me down upon the sand,
Wailing that I, with strong right hand,
Had not snatched him from the grave,
And smitten the murderess to the dust
Ere she sacrificed the just.

All that day the storm blew high,
And all that day I lingered there ;
There was no living thing but I
On the shore of that sad sea,
And I was moaning piteously.

Towards the night the wind blew fair,
And the silver rim of the bright new moon
Shone in a deep cerulean air,
And looked at itself in the salt lagoon.
And there was silence, cold as death ;
Not a motion but my breath.

Long I sat upon the shore,
Brooding on that cruel wrong,
Wondering if for evermore
The evil thing should be the strong ;
When I heard a sudden sound
In the waters far away,
And saw a phosphorescent track
On the breast of the waves so dull and black.
I listened — I could plainly hear
The measured stroke, precise and clear,
Of a swimmer swimming near : —
I looked — I saw the floating locks,
The face upturned, the bosom brave,
The calm, full eyes, that looked on me,
Through the darkness of the sea ;
The strong limbs, battling with the wave : —
I saw the motion — I heard the breath,
I knew his victory over death.

It was my friend — my living friend ;
I clasped him, clad him, wept for joy.

‘They may think,’ he said, ‘to strike me dead ;

They can but wound me — not destroy.

• The strongest bands, the fastest chain

On my free limbs will not remain ;

For the deepest wounds that hate can strike

I find a healing in the air ;

Even poisoned weapons cannot kill ;

They’re powerless ’gainst the life I bear.

And she, whose hate pursues me still,

A queen superb, of lofty line,

Shall have her day — then fade away,

And all her empire shall be mine.’

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

THE man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil ;
For him the axe be bared ;
For him the gibbet shall be built ;
For him the stake prepared :
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim ;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro ;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow.

They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine :
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, grey Anchorite :
Be wiser than thy peers ;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard, and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise :
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days.
But not too soon for human kind :
Time hath reward in store ;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord ;
So round and round we run ;
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear ;

They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair :

They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow ;

The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe ;

But never a truth has been destroyed :

They may curse it and call it crime ;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run ;

And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there *now* such men as these —

With thoughts like the great of old ?

Many have died in their misery,

And left their thought untold ;

And many live, and are ranked as mad,

And placed in the cold world's ban,

For sending their bright far-seeing souls

Three centuries in the van.

They toil in penury and grief,

Unknown, if not maligned ;

Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn

Of the meanest of mankind.

But yet the world goes round and round,

And the genial seasons run,

And ever the truth comes uppermost,

And ever is justice done.

NOW.

THE venerable Past — is past;
'Tis dark, and shines not in the ray :
'T was good, no doubt — 'tis gone at last —
There dawns another day.
Why should we sit where ivies creep,
And shroud ourselves in charnels deep ;
Or the world's yesterdays deplore,
Mid crumbling ruins mossy hoar ?
Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
Looking at WAS from morn to night,
When the beauteous Now, the divine To BE,
Woo with their charms our living sight ?
Why should we hear but echoes dull
When the world of sound, so beautiful,
Will give us music of our own ?
Why in the darkness should we grope,
When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cope,
Shines as bright as ever it shone ?

Abraham saw no brighter stars
Than those which burn for thee and me.
When Homer heard the lark's sweet song,
Or night-bird's lovelier melody,

They were such sounds as Shakspeare heard,
Or Chaucer, when he blessed the bird ;
Such lovely sounds as we can hear. —
Great Plato saw the vernal year
Send forth its tender flowers and shoots,
And luscious autumn pour its fruits ;
And we can see the lilies blow,
The corn-fields wave, the rivers flow ;
For us all bounties of the earth,
For us its wisdom, love, and mirth,
If we daily walk in the sight of God,
And prize the gifts He has bestowed.

We will not dwell amid the graves,
Nor in dim twilights sit alone,
To gaze at moulder'd architraves,
Or plinths and columns overthrown ;
We will not only see the light
Through painted windows cobwebb'd o'er,
Nor know the beauty of the night
Save by the moonbeam on the floor :
But in the presence of the sun,
Or moon, or stars, our hearts shall glow ;
We'll look at nature face to face,
And we shall LOVE because we KNOW.
The present needs us. Every age
Bequeaths the next for heritage
No lazy luxury or delight —
But strenuous labor for the right ;
For *Now*, the child and sire of Time,
Demands the deeds of earnest men
To make it better than the past,
And stretch the circle of its ken.

Now is a fact that men deplore,
Though it might bless them evermore,
Would they but fashion it aright :
'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.

Time, nor Eternity, hath seen
A repetition of delight

In all its phases : ne'er hath been
For men or angels that which *is* ;

And that which *is* hath ceased to be
Ere we have breathed it, and its place
Is lost in the Eternity.

But *Now* is ever good and fair,

Of the Infinitude the heir,

And we of it. So let *us* live

That from the Past we may receive
Light for the Now — from Now a joy
That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy.

THE VISION OF MOCKERY.

1845-6.

ALL happy things are earnest. Once I roamed
In England, or in Dreamland, through the streets
Of a huge, buzzing, dense, metropolis.
Slowly, in teeming thoroughfares, I walked,
One of the people, hearing with their ears,
Beholding with their eyes, and in their thought
Divining, till my soul was filled with grief
At all that I beheld, and felt, and knew.

It was a gibing, laughing, sneering crowd,
Devoid of truth, faith, love, and earnestness,
Except a horrid earnestness for gain ;
Fierce love of lucre, which, if one had not,
He was despised and trodden down of men :
Which, if one had, he was adored of all,
Placed on a pinnacle to be admired,
Flattered, and filled with other rich men's gifts ;
His overflowing fulness made more full,
His vulgarness thought choice gentility,
His vices virtues, and his prejudice

Wisdom innate, his coarse words oracles,
And he a chief and model of mankind.

But for all else than wealth these swarming crowds
Had slight regard ; and when their daily toil
In search of it was done, and time hung loose,
They gathered in their clubs and theatres,
In market-place, or corner of the streets,
And mocked and gibed, and held the best buffoon
The wisest man, so he but made them laugh.
Nothing was holy to these wretched crowds,
But all things food for jest and ribald wit,
Caricature, lampoon, and mockery.
I said to one, ' Is this the end of life ?
Is there no reverence for God or man ? '
He turned and looked, and with a well-bred stare,
Eyed me askance : ' What would you have ? ' quoth he ;
' We keep our reverence for sabbath-days,
And look demure the seventh part of our time.
If for six days we toil, six nights we laugh,
And who shall blame us ? What new bore art thou,
From lands hyperborean, that canst think
Laughter a crime ? ' ' Nay,' I replied, ' not so ;
Laughter is virtuous, if there be a cause :
But mockery ! ' — Thereat he smiled again,
Arching his eyebrows, that his eyes, full-stretched,
Might take the measure of my littleness,
And disappeared amid the gathering throng.

I spake no more, but wandered wearily on,
Until I reached a wide and crowded mart,
Where one, a mild and venerable man,

Addressed the multitude with slow, clear voice.
Few gave him audience ; but he heeded not,
And spoke his thought, unmindful of the jeers
Of would-be wits, and shallow mountebanks,
Scoffers and punsters, and obese dull clowns.

‘ Vain and unhappy multitudes,’ he said,
‘ That gibe and sneer at every holy thing,
Is this your law of life ? Is this the end ?
Lo ! ye have souls immortal and sublime,
To be made infinite in love and light,
And heavenly knowledge, if ye will but ope
The inner fountains and the inner eyes,
And see the deep and full significance,
The worth and wherefore of the life of man.
Is it not sad, O myriad, myriad souls,
Infinite and immortal as ye are,
That ye will make your own infinity
A retrogression ? Immortality,
Change of vile vesture for a viler still ?
That ye will circle with the feculent clay
Your life-light heavenly clear, until it burn
No fairer, to the outward world, than foul,
Thick exhalations of a stagnant fen ?
Is it not sad, that germs which should expand,
Even here, to trees of bole magnificent,
Should rot and perish in unsavory mire ;
Or, ere they rot, be eaten up by swine, —
Swine of ill-passion, selfishness, and lust ?
Is it not sad — a thing for bitter tears —
Unless for hope, and efforts made more strong
By seeming hopelessness — that men should live

And never know the meaning of their life ?
That they should die, and never know that death
Is change, not ceasing ; and that life and death
Are ebb and flow of an eternal tide,
In which the ripple may become a wave,
The wave a sea, the sea a universe ?

‘ Alas ! poor crowds ! self-quenched, self-sacrificed,
Why will ye crawl, when ye might walk erect ?
Why will ye grovel, when ye might aspire ?
Why will ye don foul rags, when ye might wear
Angelic vestments ? Why co-herd with beasts,
And graze in fields, or wallow in the mire,
When ye might feed on manna dropped from heaven ? ’

Thereat a listener in the crowd exclaimed —
One with a portly paunch, and large round face,
And little twinkling eyes, — ‘ You waste your words :
Why do you preach to us of things like these,
Things transcendental and absurdly wise ?
The earth is man’s ; man is the earth’s. Forget
These idle dreams ; and eat, and drink, and laugh,
And speculate, and hoard a heap of gold ;
And so be one of us, that as you live
You may enjoy ; and when you die, die well,
Leaving plump money-bags to bless your sons.’
And all the people laughed, and cried, ‘ Hear ! hear ! ’
With loud applause, and shouts vociferous.
But still the orator undaunted stood,
Though laughter sputtered round him, and vain scoffs,
Like muddy showerlets, fell on every side ;
And more he would have said, but that a cry

Of one in haste, and in great stress of speech,
Made interruption : ' Lo ! the children die !
The little children, and you heed them not.
The children die : they perish, body and soul,
In pestilent lanes, and rotting alleys vile ;
Thousands on thousands, more than eyes can count.
God's sun shines on them, but they never heard
His name who made it : the fair world they tread
Is foul to them that never saw the fields,
The green trees, the great mountains, the bright streams,
Or knew that God, who fashioned all things, loves
All he has made, and children most of all,
The purest from his hand. Why should they die ?
For life in ignorance is very death.
Some of them toil, and waste their tender limbs
In mills, or mines, from morn till past the night :
Machines of flesh, too sorely overwrought
To reach maturity e'er they grow old.
Some of them toil not, but by night and day
Prowl in the fetid ways, and lie, and steal,
And curse ; and never know that words can bless,
Or that such thing as blessing in this world
Was ever heard of : — Save, oh ! save them all :
If not for their sakes, for our own ! Not one
Of all these myriads, were we truly wise,
Should perish thus. For, though they live in shame,
And fill the world with crimes and miseries,
Great is their sorrow, but the guilt is ours.'

He ceased, and through the crowd a murmur ran,
As though his words had moved them to remorse,
Or pity — but it died away ; and one

Speaking for many, as if he alone
Were mouth-piece and interpreter of men,
Exclaimed in pompous wise, 'Why should we heed?
Why interfere? It is a perilous thing
To step between a parent and its child.
Each for himself; each father for his own:
No good can come of such philosophy.
It weighs all things in theoretic scales,
And meddles but to mar. The world is good;
Let it alone: 'twill educate itself.'
He ceased, and looked about him with a smile
That said, as plainly as a smile can say,
How smart he was, how practically wise.
Whereat another, taking up the chant,
Said, 'Bah! it irks my patience evermore,
To hear such vulgar flattery of the crowd:
Were they not born to drudge, to groan, to sweat?
Is 't not so written in the Book? If so,
Why give them knowledge they can never use?
A little of it is a poisonous thing,
And much is utterly beyond their reach; —
So, prithee, Master Quack, let well alone.
If thou canst sing for our amusement, sing;
Or dance, then dance; or jest, then jest away;
Stand on thy head, cut capers in the air,
Or any thing thou wilt but preach of this.'
Thereat the crowd laughed as with one accord;
And when the earnest man again essayed
To speak his truth, they raised derisive shouts
That stifled all his words upon his lips,
And filled his heart and mine with pity and grief.

What more was said I know not, nor how long
I stood amongst them ; but a sudden cry,
And rushing of the people to one place,
Aroused me from my lethargy, and, lo !
I heard a voice potential with the crowd,
Coarse and stentorian, breaking on my ear :
' Behold ! ' it said, ' behold the game of games,
The chance of chances — better than all trade,
Commerce, or industry pursued by man.
Who plays it well grows wealthy in a day ;
Who plays it ill may gain more great reward
Than Labor with his utmost pith and stress
Could sweat for in a life.' And as he spake,
Loose scraps of paper fluttered in his hands.
There seemed deep fascination in the sight,
For every eye beseeched and every tongue
Implored him for them. From his vulgar clutch
They dropped like flakes of snow innumerable.
And then the scramble and the crash began ;
Old men and young, the famished and the full,
The rich and poor, widow, and wife, and maid,
Master and servant, all with one intent
Rushed on the paper ; from their eager eyes
Flashing a fierce, unconquerable greed,
Their hot palms itching, all their being filled
With one desire ; so that amid the press
If some were crushed and smitten to the ground
They heeded not, but trod on fallen heads
As unconcernedly as racing steeds
Trample the sward. And still the paper flakes
Fell fast around ; and still the crowd rushed on,
Roaring and wild, their myriad hands held up

To grasp the glittering prizes ere they fell.
Then came a pause. A fearful mockery
Began to spread. Each called his fellow — fool !
And every fool acknowledged — so he was,
But thought his neighbor greater fool than he.
And there was laughter loud, and stifled groans,
And shouts obstreperous, till all at once
They dropped the scraps of paper from their hands,
As if a leprosy was in its touch ;
And in their haste, o'er eager to depart
From that gross presence, trod each other down.

As in a burning theatre, a crowd
Rushing by hundreds to one narrow door,
Meet certain death to flee uncertain fire ;
So they in panic at the lust of gain,
That each man saw in others, not in self,
Fled in confusion, breathless and distraught,
Nor cared who died, if they themselves escaped.
I stood amazed, and blushed for human-kind,
When on my ears a strain of music broke,
Melting in soft harmonious cadences.
I looked, and on a platform raised on high,
Beheld a lady beauteous as the dawn,
Dancing in robes of white and azure gauze ;
Her breast was bare ; her limbs nor bare, nor hid,
But full defined through her transparent robes,
Filled the beholders with voluptuous thoughts.
She seemed to float upon the buoyant air,
To be a creature of an element
More spiritual than earth ; and when she smiled
There was such witchery in her painted cheeks,

That all the crowd, entranced with great delight,
And quite forgetful of their past distress,
Shouted with loud acclaim, and clapped their hands.
And when she twirl'd upon her pliant toe,
One fair limb vertical, the other raised
To horizontal straightness, such a burst
Of irrepressible, overpowering joy,
Filled all the air, it seemed as men were mad,
And dancing were supremest bliss of earth ; —
The fairest dancer, first of woman-kind.
Then as she curtsied with a winning look
To her idolaters, a shower of wreaths,
Garlands, and evergreens, and laurel crowns,
Fell all around her, and another burst
Of universal gladness rang around ;
And she, descending from her platform, slid
Graceful into her chariot, and the crowd
Filled with new frenzy at her loveliness,
Unyoked her prancing jennets, dapple-grey,
And drew her forth triumphant to her home.

Still more amazed, I left this fearful crowd,
And wandered out amid the quiet woods
To hold communion with my secret soul,
And note, in Memory's many-storied book,
What I had seen and heard — that pondering well
Its true significance, I might extract
Good from the ill, and from the darkness light.

‘WE ARE WISER THAN WE KNOW.’

The Author is indebted for this phrase, and to the train of thought which suggested the following Poem, to one of the noble Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THOU, who in the midnight silence
Lookest to the orbs on high,
Feeling humbled, yet elated,
In the presence of the sky ;
Thou, who minglest with thy sadness
Pride ecstatic, awe divine,
That ev’n *thou* canst trace their progress
And the law by which they shine —
Intuition shall uphold thee,
Even though reason drag thee low ;
Lean on faith, look up rejoicing,
We are wiser than we know.

Thou, who hearest plaintive music,
Or sweet songs of other days ;
Heaven-revealing organs pealing,
Or clear voices hymning praise,
And wouldst weep, thou know’st not wherefore,
Though thy soul is steep’d in joy ;
And the world looks kindly on thee,
And thy bliss hath no alloy —

Weep, nor seek for consolation,
Let the heaven-sent droplets flow,
They are hints of mighty secrets,
We are wiser than we know.

Thou, who in the noon-time brightness
Seest a shadow undefined ;
Hear'st a voice that indistinctly
Whispers caution to thy mind :
Thou, who hast a vague foreboding
That a peril may be near,
Even when Nature smiles around thee,
And thy Conscience holds thee clear —
Trust the warning — look before thee —
Angels may the mirror show,
Dimly still, but sent to guide thee,
We are wiser than we know.

Countless chords of heavenly music,
Struck ere earthly time began,
Vibrate in immortal concord
To the answering soul of man :
Countless rays of heavenly glory
Shine through spirit pent in clay,
On the wise men at their labors,
On the children at their play.
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,
Seen the glory, heard the music,
We are wiser than we know.

THE PHANTOMS OF ST. SEPULCHRE.*

‘DIDST ever see a hanging?’ ‘No, not one;
Nor ever wish to see such scandal done.
But once I saw a wretch condemned to die :
A lean-faced, bright-eyed youth ; who made me sigh
At the recital of a dream he had.
He was not sane — and yet he was not mad ;
Fit subject for a mesmerist he seemed ;
For when he slept, he saw ; and when he dreamed,
His visions were as palpable to him
As facts to us. My memory is dim
Upon his story, but I’ll ne’er forget
The dream he told me, for it haunts me yet,
Impressed upon me by his earnest faith
That ’twas no vision, but a sight which Death
Opened his eyes to see, — an actual glimpse
Into the world of spectres and of imps,
Vouchsafed to him on threshold of the grave —
List ! and I’ll give it, in the words he gave : —

* It may be necessary to inform the reader, unacquainted with London, that the church of St. Sepulchre is close to the jail of Newgate ; and that its bell is tolled when a criminal is executed. Few will need to be reminded that the three stories related are not fabulous.

‘Ay, you may think that I am crazed,
But what I saw, that did I see.
These walls are thick, my brain was sick,
And yet mine eyes saw lucidly.
Through the joists and through the stones
I could look as through a glass ;
And from this dungeon, damp and cold,
I watched the motley people pass.
All day long, rapid and strong,
Rolled to and fro the living stream ;
But in the night, I saw a sight —
I cannot think it was a dream.

‘Old St. Sepulchre’s bell will toll
At eight to-morrow, for my soul ;
And thousands, not much better than I,
Will throng around to see me die ;
And many will bless their happy fate,
That they ne’er fell from their high estate,
Or did such deed as I have done ;
Though, from the rise to the set of sun,
They cheat their neighbors all their days,
And gather gold in slimy ways.
But my soul feels strong, and my sight grows clear,
As my death-hour approaches near,
And in its presence I will tell
The very truth, as it befell.

‘The snow lies on the house-tops cold,
Shrill, and keen the March winds blow ;
The rank grass of the churchyard mould
Is covered o’er with drifted snow ;

The graves in old St. Sepulchre's yard
Were white last night, when I looked forth,
And the sharp clear stars seemed to dance in the
sky,
Rocked by the fierce winds of the north.

'The houses dull seemed numb with frost,
The streets seemed wider than of yore,
And the straggling passengers trod, like ghosts,
Silently on the pathway frore,
When I look'd through that churchyard rail,
And thought of the bell that should ring my doom,
And saw three women, sad and pale,
Sitting together on a tomb.

'A fearful sight it was to see,
As up they rose and looked at me :
Sunken were their cheeks and eyes,
Blue-cold were their feet, and bare ;
Lean and yellow were their hands,
Long and scanty was their hair ;
And round their necks I saw the ropes
Deftly knotted, tightly drawn ;
And knew they were not things of earth,
Or creatures that could face the dawn.

'Seen dimly in th' uncertain light,
They multiplied upon my sight ;
And things like men and women sprung—
Shapes of those who had been hung—
From the rank and clammy ground.

I counted them — I knew them all,
Each with its rope around its neck,
Marshalled by the churchyard wall.

‘The stiff policeman, passing along,
Saw them not, nor made delay;
A reeling bacchanal, shouting a song,
Looked at the clock, and went his way;
A troop of girls, with painted cheeks,
Laughing and yelling in drunken glee,
Passed like a gust, and never looked
At the sight so palpable to me.
I saw them — heard them — felt their breath
Musty and raw and damp as death.

‘These women three, these fearful shapes,
Looked at me through Newgate stone,
And raised their fingers, skinny and lank,
Whispering low in under tone : —
“His hour draws near, — he’s one of us, —
His gibbet is built, — his noose is tied;
They have put his name on his coffin lid :
The law of blood shall be satisfied.
He shall rest with us, and his name shall be
A by-word and a mockery.”

‘I whispered to one, “What hadst thou done?”
She answered, whispering, and I heard —
Although a chime rang at the time —
Every sentence, every word,
Clear, above the pealing bells : —

“I was mad, and slew my child ;
Better than life, God knows, I loved it ;
But pain and hunger drove me wild.
Scorn and hunger, and grief and care,
And I slew it in my despair.
And for this deed they raised the gibbet ;
For this deed the noose they tied ;
And I hung and swung in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied.”

‘I said to the second, “What didst thou ?”
Her keen eyes flashed unearthly shine.
“I married a youth when I was young,
And thought all happiness was mine ;
But they stole him from me, to fight the French ;
And I was left in the world alone,
To beg or steal — to live or die,
Robbed of my stay, my all, my own.
England stole my lord from me, —
I stole a ribbon, was caught and tried ;
And I hung and swung in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied.”

‘I said to the third, “What crime was thine ?”
“Crime !” she answered, in accents meek,
“The babe that sucks at its mother’s breast,
And smiles with its little dimpled cheek,
Is not more innocent than I.
But truth was feeble, — error was strong ;
And guiltless of a deed of shame,
Men’s justice did me cruel wrong.

They would not hear my truthful words ;
They thought me filled with stubborn pride.
And I hung and swung in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied."

'Then one and all, by that churchyard wall,
Raised their skinny hands at me ;
Their voices mingling like the sound
Of rustling leaves in a withering tree :
"His hour has come, he's one of us ;
His gibbet is built, his noose is tied ;
His knell shall ring, and his corpse shall swing,
And the law of blood shall be satisfied."

'They vanished ! I saw them, one by one,
With their bare blue feet on the drifted snow,
Sink like a thaw, when the sun is up,
To their wormy solitudes below.
Though *you* may deem this was a dream,
My facts are tangible facts to me ;
For the sight grows clear as death draws near,
And looks into futurity.'

THE CONFESSION.

I WAS betrayed, and cruelly undone.
Smitten to anguish in my sorest part,
And so disgusted with all human life,
That curses came spontaneous to my lips :
I cursed the day — I cursed my fellow-men ;
I cursed my God, that made so bad a world.
Goaded to frenzy, by excess of pain,
I tore my hair, — I dashed my bleeding head
Against a wall ; sobbed, wept, and gnashed my teeth.
I howled anathemas against myself
For being man, and living on the earth.
When suddenly a sweet and heavenly calm
Fell on my spirit ; and a mild clear light
Diffused itself about me where I stood ;
And I was conscious of a visible power
Unutterably great, divinely good ;
And a voice spake, not angrily, but sad :
' *Weak and unjust ! Thou hast blasphemed thy God ;
God, whom thou knowest not. Thou hast maligned
Thy fellow-men. Live, till thou knowest both.*'
The awful glory stole away my sense ;
Th' excess of splendor dazzled my dim eyes ;
The clear words made me dumb : and for a while

Torpid and clod-like on the earth I lay,
Till th' ineffable brightness disappeared.
And when I wakened, life was misery ;
Burden too mighty for my flesh to bear.
' Live, till I know my God ! That might I, well ;
But live in sorrow till I know mankind ?
Heavy the curse ! But if it must be borne,
Let me gain knowledge quickly, and so die !'
Long did I live. One hundred years of time
I held the faith that all my people held ;
Observed their laws and to a God of FEAR
Knelt down in awe, and worshipped his dread name.
But still I lived, and cursed the weary days ;
And had no love or reverence for my kind.
And still my pain grew with my discontent,
That I could not release myself and die.

Youth in my limbs, but age upon my heart,
I roamed the earth. I dwelt among the Greeks :
I saw, well pleased, the majesty of life ;
The power of beauty, and the sense of joy ;
The physical grandeur of the earth and heaven.
But God himself was stranger to my thought :
I had a worship, but no inward faith ;
I prayed to gods of human lineament,
Emblems of natural forces and desires ;
I filled the woods with visionary shapes ;
Peopled the hills, the vales, the rocks, the streams,
The dark caves, and the sunny mountain-tops
With forms of beauty ; and conversed with them
Upon unseen, unreal phantasies,
Until they seemed so palpable to sight,

So like to men in passion, vice, and crime,
I loathed, and shuddered, and abhorred them all ; —
Nor knew in what abysm and hell of thought
To sink remembrance. And I lived — and lived —
Longer than hope ; and still I could not die.

Then far away into the burning east
I bent my steps. And at one drowsy noon,
Under a palm-tree shade, beside a well
Sat down, and groaned in bitterness of grief
That God was still an alien to my soul.
I cast my limbs upon the feverish ground,
And lay upon my face ; and with my tears
Moistened the dust around me, praying still
That I might die ; for I was sear of heart,
Old, miserably old, and most forlorn.
Thus lay I from the noon into the night,
And from the night into the sudden dawn ;
And all that day I batted on my tears.
When, lo ! there came a pilgrim by the way ;
A pale, deject, and wiry-featured wretch ;
With hands all sinewy, like a parrot's claws,
Thin lips, bright eyes, sunk cheeks, and grizzled hair.
There was a comfort in his hideousness,
As he sat down and gazed upon my grief,
And gave me pity, and contemptuous cheer.
' Brother,' he said, ' why what a fool art thou !
Neither in time, nor in eternity,
Neither in God, in nature, nor in man,
Is there aught worth the weeping of an hour.
'T is good to run, but better far to walk ;
'T is good to walk, but better to sit still ;

'T is good to stand, and wake, but better far
To lie and sleep, untroubled by a dream ;
'T is good to be when thought has been destroyed
Better, far better, never to have been.
The grass is happy ; happier is the stone.
Highest of good is rest ; rest so sublime,
So deep, so thorough, as to seem like death.
Be rest thy God. Let the winds moan, not thou ;
Let the skies weep, but shed not thou a tear ;
And sleep and fast thy troublous life away
In one most happy and incessant calm,
Till sweet annihilation blots thee out.
This is religion — this the only faith :
Bliss is absorption — heaven is nothingness.'
He led me with his eye, — I followed him ;
And I became a dull, insensate lump,
And dozed in Budha's temples night and day ;
I bruised in mortar of my selfishness
All thoughts, all feeling, all desire, all vice,
All virtue, into one amorphous mass
Of apathy, and idiocy, and sloth.
How long I wallowed in this senseless sty
I never knew ; I was but half alive,
And had no memory of time or change,
Only at intervals a grievous pain.

I was aroused at last, and scourged with whips,
Kicked, beaten, spat on, cast into the mire.
Change had come o'er the places where I dwelt ;
There was new law for men, new faith for God ;
The conqueror's sword had passed upon the plain,
And what was spared did homage for its life.

God and his Prophet were the Lords of earth.
And suddenly awaked, I found that I,
Even I, was living ; that the world was new,
Though I was old, most lamentably old,
But still condemned to mingle with my kind,
And choose my faith. I did as others did ;
Learned the new law, and thought I served my God.
I served him not. Obedience blind, inept,
Unthinking, dull, insensate, was the law :
Fate lorded over will ; necessity
Turned men into machines. I cast my eyes,
Despairing still, upon the firmament,
Jewelled with worlds, and reasoned with myself,
If Fate or Will upheld them in their place ;
And, in the infinite madness of my brain,
Conceived that each, majestic as it shone,
Was filled with misery and doubt like mine.
A rolling Hell set in the sky to preach
To other hells, as wretched as itself,
The dreadful power, the boundlessness of ill.
Long did I struggle with this deep despair,
And vehemently pray, both morn and night,
That I might be extinguished utterly ;
That I might lay upon the arid soil
My lifeless bones, to feed the hungry roots
Of hemlock or mandragora with lime ;
That I at least might end my doubts in death ;
Though Death were but the gate to other worlds
Of spiritual anguish more intense than this.

Another change came over me. Ere long
I wandered forth o'er Asiatic plains ;

Dwelt with the lizard in the crumbling halls
Of antique cities desolate, whose names
Were lost from memory. I shared the tent
Of roving spearmen and banditti fierce,
So utter old and sad, that murderous thieves
Took pity on my want and misery,
And spake me kindly, even when they loathed.
I lay beneath the palms at set of sun,
And wished that ravenous and night-prowling beasts
Would tear me limb from limb before the dawn.
I crossed great deserts in the burning heat,
Forded strong rivers, pierced through trackless woods—
A thing so utter sad, that the lean wolves
Fled terror-smitten when they met my glance,
And hungry serpents hissed and slunk away.
How long the madness burned, 'twere vain to tell;
Time and Eternity seemed one to me.
But in a bright and lovely summer's morn
I felt my limbs supple and strong again,
As in my youth, ere grief and I were friends.
Far had I journeyed to an eastern clime,
'Mid an old people, and an older faith.
I found some comfort, yet I could not die.
Still was obedience law : childish and calm,
Not to a blind and cruel destiny,
But to the wise irrevocable rule
Of a just Deity, that made mankind,
And sent his clay vicegerents to the earth
To rule them justly, if they would submit
To walk for ever in the same dull track,
To live and act, from barren age to age,
In the same fashion, with the same desires,

Same thoughts, same habits, and same prejudice ;
More dull and senseless than a stagnant mire
That even in its rottenness and sloth
Breeds something novel from its fruitful slime ; —
But they bred nothing — only their dull selves ;
And I despised them — hated them — and lived,
And knew by living I was still accursed,
And loved not God nor yet my fellow-men.

There was no resting here : my fiery soul
Felt mortal anguish to co-herd with theirs.
I went again a wanderer o'er the earth,
Taking no heed of time, or place, or change,
But weary, weary, abject, and forlorn.

One year ago — 't was but one little year —
I entered, in my rags and squalidness,
A large, fair city of the populous west :
The church-bells rang ; the people were astir,
In countless multitudes, through all the streets ;
Gay banners flaunted in the morning air,
And waves of music, from the Gothic porch
Of a cathedral, rushed in floods divine ;
Now in full tidal flow, and now in ebb,
So grand, so awe-inspiring, that even I,
Despised, abandoned, abject, and abhorred,
Felt holy joy to listen to the sound
Which soothed my spirit with melodious peace.
I listened long ; for my sad heart was full.
I could have floated painlessly to death,
And blessed the music with my latest sigh, —
But that a sudden plucking at the hem,

All mire-bedraggled, of my tattered robe,
Caused me to turn : I saw a fair young face,
Sweet even as hers who loved me in her youth —
She whom I now, for the first time, forgave
For wrongs inflicted on my trusting heart.
Like — but unlike ; lovely — yet not so fair ;
And at my miserable feet she knelt
To crave my blessing : — ‘ Blessing ! and from me ?
From me, the vilest, meanest of mankind ? ’ —
‘ Ay, and from thee ! ’ she said ; ‘ we know thee well ;
Thou hast long suffered — thou’rt a saint of God.’
And all the people, gathering round about,
Joined in her supplication ; kneeling down,
To crave my blessing — not in mockery,
But with deep reverence. Strange it seemed that I,
Who had not known for spanless gulfs of time
What blessing meant, should have the power to bless.
I could but bless her ; for I felt my heart
Glow with dear memories forgotten long,
Brought back upon me by her mild sweet face.
The burden of my long-enduring pain
Was lightened by that pity, and I wept ;
And every tear I shed became to me
Relief and joy, as, with an earnest voice,
I blessed the people, showing them the while
My own unworthiness more great than theirs ;
Unmeet my lips to utter words of peace,
Who long had cursed myself and all my kind.

And now the hoary portals opening wide,
Forth issued an array of robèd priests,
In white and scarlet ; boys with censers, flung

Rich incense in the air ; while others hymned,
With sweet clear voice, ' Hosanna to the Lord.'
And all the people knelt, and with them I.
The solemn music filled the pliant air,
And a religious sense was wafted round,—
Sense superadded, and unfelt before.
I could not rise : my cramped and weary joints
Seemed bloodless as the stones on which I knelt ;
And the procession and the people passed,
In all their gorgeousness ; — and I was left
To my own strength, to follow if I list,
Or lie upon the pavement and expire.
I rose. I felt within my secret soul
More peace than had been mine since the great curse
Was spoken by the Presence for my sin.
But as I could not stay to be a saint,
And bear the flattery of the ignorant,
With a new courage I endued my heart,
And prayed for strength, and went upon my way.

Here am I now. In thy serene abode
I've gained new comfort from thy reverend lips,
And learned the secret of my destiny.
'Twas thou that taught me from the blessed Book
That God was Love ; and that those served Him best
Who loved their fellows, and obeyed the law
Sublime but easy, preached by Him who died
To seal his doctrine by his guiltless blood.

I have not long to live. My race is run :
I would live longer, were it but to preach
To other souls as wretched as my own,

The mighty truth, that God is Love indeed,
But feel within me that mine hour is come.
I shall not see the morning dawn again :
My sin is pardoned — I shall die in peace.
Bury me by myself — under a cross,
And put a fair white tombstone o'er my grave.
Place on it name, nor date, nor words, save these :
' He learned in suffering that God was Love,
And died in hope.' Bear with me for a while ;
I shall not die ere I have slept an hour.
Mine eyes are weary : let me close them now ;
I shall awake to bless thee and depart.
Visions of glory throng upon my soul :
Brother, farewell. I'll see thee yet again,
Here and hereafter. Let me slumber now.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was — she sang it all day long —
'When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all.'

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;

And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the Past,
The Present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries ;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed :
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play :
' When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all.'

The widow's lips impulsive moved ;
The mother's grief, tho' unproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung ;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child — if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there —
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears —
Was it music of the spheres ?

Who shall tell ? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too :
' When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all.'

LOVE OR WISDOM?

AN EXAMINATION.

WERE I so mad as I have been of yore
I would be happy : mad with Beauty's eyes ;
Mad with the voice of one I could adore,
And the sweet music of her soft replies :
Mad with the charms of a serene bright face ;
Possessed, and inly haunted by the grace
Of some fair creature, in her form and mind
The star and paragon of all her kind.

For, if I were so happy-mad again,
I'd live anew. I'd feed upon delights ;
I'd find enraptured frenzy in a pain ;
I'd roam, dreaming awake, through summer nights,
And hear a murmuring music in the air,
Which I would harmonize into a word —
That word her name. I'd kneel, with forehead bare,
Out in the solemn woods, unseen, unheard,
And call on earth to bless her as she trod ;
Sweet winds to fan her, skies to drop her joy ;
And would invoke the providence of God
To keep her harmless, nor let care annoy,

Nor sorrow vex, nor pleasure pall on sense ;
My being hers, hers mine, and both intense
With a full, throbbing, rapturous, infinite bliss
In being loved. For madness such as this,
I'd give up wisdom and her castled clouds.
I would unlearn all I have learned ; give back
Experience, and the blazoning breath of crowds
Wafting Fame's incense forward on my track.
I would forego all hope, and all desire
But one : that life might be a blank white page,
Where Fate might write *one* word of heavenly fire —
LOVE : that so breathing the delicious rage,
My veins might run it, and my brain might take
That for sole impulse, and for Love's sweet sake
Nature put on her bridal robes, and blush
Beauty upon me from each tree and flower ;
And in her nightly gleam, her morning flush,
Her buzzing noon, and evening's golden hour,
Converse with me upon the one great theme
With all her voices ; meadow, mountain, stream,
Forest and ocean, uttering but one sound
Ever and ever as the world went round,
The stars repeating it, with meanings rife,
And that word LOVE ; — this would be living life.

For why ? And wert thou in that fiery craze
So happy, that thou wouldst indeed recall
What thou hast seen, done, suffered in the days
When thy blood boiled, and thou wert passion all ?
Poor fool ! forgetful of departed woes,
Past misery, anguish, discontent, and tears ;
Mindful alone of pleasure and repose,
Seen through the wave of the refractive years

In colors not their own. When Love was thine,
Wert thou not heart-sore ? Didst thou not repine
For something that was past, or was to come ?
Was not that day as wearisome as this ?
Its music stale ? Its friendly voices dumb,
And thou a dreamer of remoter bliss ?
Poor fool ! to-morrow thou wilt bless to-day,
And wish it back ; and with a new disgust
Think of the newest time, till fled away
It leaves thee memory, and a fresh mistrust.
And so thou journeyest, thankless to the dust.
Be not so mad as thou hast been of yore,
Yet happier far. Is not the Now thine own ?
Now ever present ? *now* for evermore ?
Now always with thee, but its worth unknown,
Or lightly thought of ? Lay its mystery bare,
And learn the mighty secret how to live ; —
Learn that if mind be pure, the world is fair ;
And that the outer sunshine cannot give
Such Warmth, and Joy, and Beauty, as the light
Cast by the inner spirit infinite,
When it is clear from every sensual stain.
Simple and thankful, — live not thou in vain,
Nor hurry to the goal with desperate haste
To make the present past, and both a waste.

THE DROP OF AMBROSIA.

‘ WHITHER away ? whither away,
With thine eyes through the distance looking so keen ?
The road is narrow, and is not long ;
And if thou wouldst but awhile delay,
I would show thee sights thou hast not seen.
And thou shouldst hear a voice of song,
And thou shouldst learn of things unknown,
And live a double and fuller life.
Whither away ? I prithee stay, —
There are angels near ; thou’rt not alone —
The very air is with beauty rife.
The night is lovely, fair is the day,
Why this hurry to travel away,
To close thy journey, to shut thy book ?
Why at the end wilt thou ever look ?
Why on the tide wilt thou ever think,
And neglect the flowrets on the brink ? ’

He said, in answer to my cries,
‘ Let me alone, nor vex my soul ;
I’ve set my mind on a glittering prize
That I see midway towards the goal.

It shines, 'mid cloud on the mountain-top,
A bright, divine, ambrosial drop.
Sad, till I grasp it, the time appears ;
Into hours weeks I'd pack,
Compress the lingering drawling years
To months, and never wish them back.
Why should I stay ? What boots delay ?
What do I care for an angel's song ?
For the stars of night, or the flowers of day,
When lingering would the hours prolong ?
Let me alone : my mind and heart
Are full of a joy thou canst not see,
And each impediment is pain ;
Thy very talk is grief to me.
Let me away. Why should I stay,
Wasting time by answering thee ?'

'Already,' said I, 'thy prime is past,
Thy flush of youth, thy warmth of noon,
And many delights which the sunshine cast,
Must wither away beneath the moon.
The path thou goest is short at best ;
And between thine eyes and the bliss they crave,
To trip thy feet in their course so fleet,
May there not be an open grave ?
Why wilt thou hurry towards the end ?
There are pleasant fields on the highway-side,
Bowers whence the hymns of Love ascend,
And rivers rolling a joyous tide,
In which to lave the weary limbs
Is bliss beyond the ambrosial drop,
Which, far away, 'mid storm and dark,

Thou seest upon the mountain-top.
Straight is the path to the yawning tomb ;
But we may linger on the road,
And turn to the left, and turn to the right,
To enjoy the kindly gifts of God.
I would not live *my* life so soon,
I would not spend it on *one* desire,
Nor in such fearful haste as thine
Exhaust the fuel of its fire.'

Vain was my speech : he closed his ears —
Straight on he rushed, nor looked behind.
He saw afar his glittering star,
The prize for which his spirit pined.
On every side were stars as fair —
Fairer, I thought ; and drops of joy,
Divinest given to mortal man,
To cheer of his life the little span,
And sanctify its right employ.
He saw them not, but ran his race
With a speed that passion alone could give ;
Grew hard and grey on his narrow way,
And spent his life ere he learned to live.
And I saw before he reached his prize,
That he sunk in the grave before my eyes.

THE FOLLOWER.

I.

‘ WHY dost thou look so sad and wan ?
And why art thou so wo-begone ?
Why dost thou mutter words of fear ?
Do I not love thee, father dear ?
Is not earth a place of joy ?
Tell me, father, tell thy boy.’

II.

‘ There is a fiend doth follow me ;
A fearful fiend thou canst not see —
But I behold him. Day or night
He is not absent from my sight :
I know thou lovest me, O my child, —
But this demon drives me wild.

III.

‘ The world was once both good and fair,
There was a glory in the air,
When my heart was pure and young,
By guilt and misery unwrung ;
But a demon such as this,
Makes an agony of bliss.

IV.

‘ He besets my daily path,
I am the victim of his wrath :
He smears his fingers o’er my meat,
And poisons every thing I eat ;
Puts fatal acid in my drink —
Oh, it is misery to think !

V.

‘ He lies beside me in my bed :
He places thorns beneath my head :
He sits upon my suffering breast,
And sends the dreams that spoil my rest :
He tracks my steps where’er I stray,
And gibes and mocks me night and day.

VI.

‘ When sympathetic friends condole,
And whisper comfort to my soul,
This spiteful devil comes to and fro,
And turns each friend into a foe ;
Perverts my comfort into pain,
Maddening my heart and brain.

VII.

‘ When I think I’m all alone,
I start to hear his mocking groan :
I see his fearful face and eyes, —
That hellish face which multiplies,
And fills the room from roof to floor
With scowling demons evermore.

VIII.

‘Cruel is he. His power is great.
He pursues me. He is fate.
If I look to heaven and pray,
I see his dreadful shape midway.
And ev’n the placid stars assume
His sneering likeness in the gloom.

IX.

‘He leads my steps to dark, deep pools,
And says, none live but wretched fools.
He puts sharp weapons in my sight,
And shows me laudanum, ruby bright,
And whispers, if I like him not,
How soon my freedom may be got.

X.

‘At times I think my heart will break,
But I resist him for thy sake :
His power departs when thou art near —
Of thy sweet face he stands in fear ;
And if thou’lt love me, O my boy,
I’ll grapple with him, and destroy.’

XI.

‘Father, I love thee. I will pray
For strength to drive this fiend away.
And if thou wilt be bold of heart,
I know the demon will depart ;
And I will walk with thee abroad,
And scare him with the name of God.

XII.

‘ I’ll lie beside thee in the night,
He shall not come to plague thy sight.
Why should his face fill up the skies
With hideousness and mockeries ?
There are fair faces up in heaven,
That always smile on the forgiven.

XIII.

‘ They beam upon us : they are strong :
This fiend shall not resist them long.
We’ll see them in the stars and moon,
We’ll see them in the sun at noon ;
We’ll see them in the leaves and flowers,
And hear them singing ’mid the bowers.

XIV.

‘ He is but one. Why should we fear
When smiling angels fill the sphere ?
And one among them known to thee —
Chief angel of *my* memory —
My mother, dead and gone before.’ —
‘ Talk thus, my child, I’ll fear no more.

XV.

‘ Thy heart is pure, thy speech is mild,
I gain instruction from a child :
The fiend that haunts me must depart, —
He cannot vex me where thou art —
Thy mother’s memory ! God ! and thee !
The fiend has fled — my soul is free.’

MELODIES AND MYSTERIES.

WOULDST thou know what the blithe bird pipeth,
High in the morning air?
Wouldst thou know what the bright stream singeth,
Rippling o'er pebbles bare?
Sorrow the mystery shall teach thee,
And the words declare.

Wouldst thou find in the rose's blossom
More than thy fellows find?
More in the fragrance of the lily
Than odor on the wind?
Love Nature, and her smallest atoms
Shall whisper to thy mind.

Wouldst thou know what the moon discourseth
To the docile sea?
Wouldst hear the echoes of the music
Of the far infinity?
Sorrow shall ope the founts of knowledge,
And heaven shall sing to thee.

Wouldst thou see through the riddle of Being
Further than others can ?
Sorrow shall give thine eyes new lustre
To simplify the plan ;
And love of God and thy kind shall aid thee
To end what it began.

To Love and Sorrow all Nature speaketh ;
If the riddle be read,
They the best can see through darkness
Each divergent thread
Of its mazy texture, and discover
Whence the ravel spread.

Love and Sorrow are sympathetic
With the earth and skies ;
Their touch from the harp of Nature bringeth
The hidden melodies ;
To them the eternal chords for eve
Vibrate in harmonies.

THE OUT-COMER AND THE IN-GOER.

For Ernest was a palace built,
A palace beautiful to see ;
Marble porched, and cedar chambered,
Hung with damask drapery ;
Bossed with ornaments of silver,
Interlaid with gems and gold ;
Filled with carvings, from cathedrals
Rescued in the days of old ;
Eloquent with books and pictures,
All that luxury could afford ;
Warm with statues that Pygmalion
Might have fashioned — and adored.
In his forest glades and vistas
Lovely were the light and gloom ;
Fountains sparkled in his gardens,
And exotics breathed perfume.

With him to that lordly palace
Went the friend who loved him best,
In good fortune unexalted,
In misfortune undepressed.
Little recked that friend of grandeur ;
Dearer far to him than all

Wealth could offer, were the rose-buds
Growing on the garden-wall.

Dearer far were simple pleasures,
And the charms by Nature spread,
Than all gauds of power and splendor,
Heaped upon their favorite's head.
Plain was he in speech and raiment,
Humble-minded, and imbued
With a daily love of virtue,
And a daily gratitude.

Ere these palace-halls received them,
Steadfast was the faith they bore ;
No estrangement came between them,
Darkening their study door.

Ernest in his friend's communion,
Loved himself and all his kind,
Cherishing a loving nature,
Tutored by a happy mind,
Rich and poor were equal brothers,
In that heart too pure to hold
Pride of lineage or of station,
Or the vanity of gold.

Never chanced it, in that season,
That he formed a thought unjust
Of the meanest fellow-mortal
Fashioned of a common dust.

But his palace somewhat changed him ;
Rose-buds gathered — early walks —
Sunset roamings — nightly musings —
Mystic philosophic talks —

Nothing as of old engrossed him ;
And the promptings of his friend
Fell upon his sated spirit,
Not to guide him, but offend.
Daily grew the chilling coolness,
Till, ere many months had flown,
Ernest shut his door upon him,
And resolved to live alone :
And retreating 'mid his splendor
Rooted out all love he bore
For that friend, so true, so noble,
Banished, lost for evermore.

Scarcely had that friend departed,
Pained and pensive, but resigned,
When another sought the palace,
More accordant to his mind.
He in Ernest's lordly chambers
Sat, and called him first of men ;
Praised his pictures and his statues,
Flattered him with tongue and pen ;
Pressed the milk of human kindness
From his bosom cold and sere,
Taught him to be harsh and cruel,
Proud, disdainful, and austere ;
Filled him up with vain inflation,
And contempt for meaner clay,
As if *he* were born to govern,
It to flatter and obey.

Sometimes on his lonely pillow,
When his conscience showed the truth,

He deplored his blind estrangement
From the comrade of his youth ;
But the daylight chilled the current
Of that feeling, and it froze
Hard enough to bear the burden
Of such memories as those.
And all day, in gloomy grandeur,
In his corridors and halls,
Looking at his old escutcheons,
And the portraits on the walls,
He and his companion wandered,
Calm of eye, with lips upcurled,
Aliens to the worth and goodness,
And the beauty of the world.

Wintry winds of human anguish,
Blowing round them day and night,
Never moved them — never clouded
Their serenity of light.
They were made of choice material,
Tempest-proof, from lightning free,
And the world, its joys and sorrows,
Was to them a shipless sea,
Dark, unfathomable, trackless,
Far beyond their care or ken,
Save at times, when ostentation
Brought them to the gaze of men ;
But ev'n this was painful to them :
Man was cold, and earth was wide ; —
They preferred the warm seclusion
Of their apathy and pride.

Who was he, the first out-goer?
He was HUMAN SYMPATHY;
And the in-comer that displaced him?
He was WORLDLY VANITY.
With the first *Religion* vanished,
Charity, and *Faith in Man*,
And the genial *Love of Nature*,
Boundless as Creation's plan.
With the second entered *Hatred*,
Harsh *Intolerance*, and *Scorn* :—
Ernest in his life's cold evening
Saw the error of his morn —
Saw his error and deplored it,
And upon his death-bed lain,
Prayed for mercy, while confessing,
Dying, he had lived in vain.

IMOGEN'S JOURNEY.

THE MESMERIST AND THE CLAIRVOYANTE.

*How dost travel, Imogen,
When the trance upon thee lies ?
Lo ! I shed the influence o'er thee —
How dost travel to the skies ?*

‘ On a wonder working steed,
Like the steed in the eastern tale ;
I mount his back — I try his speed —
I guide him over hill and dale,
Deftly ever I hold the reins,
And sit in the saddle haughtily ;
Over the mountains and over the plains,
Over the land and over the sea.’

*Imogen, I know thou wanderest
At thy pleasure through the air ;
Canst thou tell what thou hast witnessed,
And thy mysteries declare ?*

‘ Much I see

Lovingly, —

I feast on the beauty of the earth, .

In its sadness, in its mirth,

In its decay, and in its bloom,

In its splendor, in its gloom ;

To every clime remote or near

I soar in my saddle and never fear.

‘ Much I see

Mournfully, —

Want, and ignorance and strife,

And the agonies of death and life ;

Intemperance mowing its victims down

In countless hosts through city and town ;

And hapless infants, newly born,

Cast on the world to shame and scorn :

Taught to lie, to steal, to swear,

Nurtured in hatred and despair,

Trained in obedience, reckless, and blind

To the worst passions of their kind.

‘ Much I see

Indignantly, —

The prosperous evil, the suffering good ;

And battenng, fattening,

Fawning, lying,

God denying,

Pestilent ingratitude.

Sons bringing shame to a father’s cheek,

And daughter’s doing their mothers wrong ;

The strong man trampling on the weak,

The weak man worshipping the strong ;

The white man selling the black for a slave
And quoting scripture in his defence,
And giving the money — the holy knave —
In support of pulpit eloquence :
Harsh intolerant Bigotry
Taking the name of Charity ;
And Vice, in a masquerading dress,
White robed like virgin loveliness,
Sitting in Virtue's seat, unchallenged,
And passing herself in all men's sight
As a radiant creature
In form and feature,
A visitant of love and light ; —
Tyrants ruling,
Wise men fooling,
And stolid Ignorance preaching and schooling :
All this I see
Most mournfully,
And haste to descend to the Earth again,
And rest on the level ground with men.

‘ But in my trance of yesterday
I was travelling far away ;
Far away in the air upborne,
I, clear-seeing Imogen,
Lost myself in the depths serene
Twelve hours eastward of the morn.
The full round Earth beneath me lay
A large bright orb of silvery gray,
The bi-centuple of the moon ;
I heard her rolling on her way,
Her tidal oceans pealing a tune,

Sea with sea,
Harmoniously,
Through the dread Infinity.
And a living voice spake to my soul,
As I watched the mighty planet roll ; —
An angel of another sphere,
An alien and a wanderer here ;
And spirit to spirit, mind to mind, —
I to him, and he to me —
We spoke together bodilessly,
On the deeds of human kind.

“ “ Oh, lovely is your world,” he said ;
“ Behold the glory round it spread,
Behold its oceans, how they shine
Suffused with radiance divine :
Its teeming continents behold —
Its mountain summits fired with gold ;
Its gleaming poles of purest white,
Its tropics bathed in fruitful light ;
A lovely world, a gorgeous plan —
How fares the brotherhood of man ? ”

“ “ The brotherhood of man ? ” said I,
Mingling a whisper and a sigh : —
“ Alas, the Earth, though old in time,
Is young in wisdom : — Brotherhood ? —
There is no land in any clime
Where even the word is understood : —
Look below at yon fair isles,
Laving themselves in Ocean’s smiles, —

They rule the Earth, yet cannot teach
The simple truth thy words convey, —
Though ever the few dissuade, and preach,
Ever the many fight and slay.”

“ “Blind creatures,” said the voice to me,
“If they know not Charity —
But surely they have learned the truth —
That God is love — and growing wise,
They study from their tenderest youth
That holiest of mysteries ? ”

“ “They know it not,” I made reply,
“Of all the swarms that live and die
Upon that wide revolving ball,
The pettiest faction of them all
Has heard that truth : — and of those few
Though hundreds *think*, the units *do*.
Aliens, foes, estranged from birth,
Are the nations of the earth ;
One to the east of a mountain cope,
Hates the one to the western slope ;
One to the left bank of a river,
Pursues with its deadly wrath for ever
The one that prospers on the right,
And works for ever to its despite ;
And to the earth's extremest bound,
Brotherhood is nowhere found.”

“ “But is there none,” said the voice, “to show
The wrong, the shame, the guilt, the woe,

The fearful madness of such crime ?
Is there none with a soul sublime
To open their hearts that they may see
That Love is the law of infinity,
The dominant chord of the mighty seven
That form the harmonies of heaven ? ”

‘ Many to teach, but few to hear.
Though scant the boundaries of our sphere,
Truth goes slowly over the zones,
And stumbles over pebble stones.
The laziest worm that ever crept,
Although at each remove it slept,
Would measure the girth of the rolling earth
Ten times o’er, in a tithe of the time
It takes slow-footed Truth to climb
The dense obstructions in its course,
Raised by folly, fraud, or force,
And circle it once from pole to pole ;
Never yet, thou wandering soul,
Has one great Truth pierced through the crust
Of universal human dust.’

“ ‘ It cannot be,’ said the voice again :
“ Was there never born ’mong men
Th’ incarnate God ? ” “ Alas ! ” I said,
“ Look at the Earth — behold it spread
Its countless regions to the day ;
Behold — I’ll show thee in the ray,
Every little speck of land
Where the truth has made a stand —
I could cover them with my hand.

“See yon little continent,
And close beside it other two
Of aspect more magnificent,
And large dimensions, looming through
An atmosphere of radiant blue :
The smallest spot alone has heard
The great and civilizing word
That God is Love ; and even there
Men hate each other, and declare
Fierce war for difference of degree,
And shadows of divergency
On minor points, and dogmas dim,
That whether we cling to or let fall
Is of no account in the eyes of Him
Who gave a law beyond them all.

“Ignorance is the lord below ; —
Hatred, Bigotry, and Scorn
Do his bidding, and scatter woe
On the climates of the morn :
Do his bidding and high behest
On the regions of the west,
Obey his rules from north to south,
And take their orders from his mouth.”

“Farewell !” said the voice of the upper air,
“I’ll change my track, I’ll go not there ;
To other planets I will roam,
Where Love and Knowledge find a home.”
“Farewell !” said I, “thou wandering sprite,
I must return to earth ere night,

And bear for awhile, as best I can,
The cold, dull ignorance of man.”’

.
.

*Now thou’rt wakened, Imogen,
Dost thou know where thou hast been ?
‘No,’ she said, and rubbed her eyes,
And looked around her with surprise,
‘I have slept — and I have heard —
Something — nothing — who can tell ?
Waking memory knows no word,
And has no sense of what befell.
But when again thy fingers pour
The influence through me, if it chance
That I can summon up once more
The lost ideas of my trance,
I’ll tell thee truly what I see,
Wise or foolish, as may be.’*

TWO MYSTERIES.

Two awful mysteries compass me around,
And follow me for ever as I go :
I see, yet see them not. I know they *are*,
And that they change more rapidly than thought,
Yet feel 'mid variability that change,
While it affects them, leaves them still the same.
Sane, I enjoy them both — both are myself :
Insane, I fly them, but they haunt me still :
Two mysteries and yet one — one infinite.
Two undistinguished points in space and time,
Ever effaced and ever permanent.
Two little atoms so magnificent
That all the past conspired to give them birth,
And all the mighty future hangs on one.
My Self, my Now ; God's Self, God's Now ; — so
linked
That not Eternity can disentwine
One from the other. Both to be employed
So that their circle evermore shall stretch
Till suns, and systems, and whole firmaments
Shall seem but points commensurate with them,

And aye to widen ever and evermore,
Nearing the throne where the Eternal sits,
Is joy, love, knowledge, happiness divine —
Oh that the secret of their use was mine !

THE DEATH BANQUET OF THE GIRONDINS.

A FRAGMENT.

['The Girondins spent the last night of their captivity in the great dungeon — that Hall of Death. The tribunal had ordered that the still warm corpse of Valazé should be taken back to the prison, carried on the same cart with his accomplices to the place of execution, and buried with them. . . . The gendarmes placed the body in a corner of the prison. The Girondins, one after the other, kissed the heroic hand of their friend. They covered his face with his mantle. "To-morrow !" said they to the corpse ; and they gathered their strength for the coming day. It was near midnight. The deputy Bailleul, proscribed like them but concealed in Paris, had promised to send them from without, on the day of their judgment, a last repast — of triumph or of death, according as they might be acquitted or condemned. By the help of a friend, he kept his word. The funeral supper was spread in the great dungeon. Costly viands, rare wines, flowers, and lights, covered the oak table of the prison. . . . The meal lasted till the dawn of day. Vergniaud, seated near the centre of the table, presided with the same calm dignity which he had preserved during the night of the 10th of August while presiding over the Convention. The guests ate and drank with sobriety — merely to recruit their strength. Their discourse was grave and solemn, though not sad. Many of them spoke of the immortality of the soul, and expressed their belief in a future state.' — LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDINS.

'The last night of the Girondins was sublime. Vergniaud was provided with poison. He threw it away that he might die with his friends. They took a last meal together, at which they were by turns merry, serious, and eloquent. Brissot and Gensonné were grave and pensive. Vergniaud spoke of expiring liberty in the noblest terms of regret, and of the destination of man with persuasive eloquence. Ducos repeated verses which he had composed in prison ; and they all joined in singing hymns to France and liberty.' — THIERS'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.]

VERGNIAUD.

NEVER despair of Goodness. Men are bad,
But have been worse. The badness shall die out;
The goodness, like the thistle-down, shall float,
Bearing a germ beneath its tiny car —
A germ predestined to become a tree,
To fall on fruitful soil, and on its boughs
Bear seed enough to stock the universe.
Never despair of freedom. Though we die
In cruel martyrdom most undeserved,
What matters it — if Truth survive our bones?
No, my dear brothers, we shall not despair,
Now or hereafter, for ourselves or men;
For we are sorrow-proof; our souls have borne
All the worst ills that can afflict the just.
We can sit down, strengthened by virtuous will,
And dare all malice and all power of men
To add one mental pang to bodily death,
Or rob us of the smallest privilege
That appertains to our humanity.
They may manure their gardens with our flesh,
And decompose our scaffolding of bones,
But cannot harm us, cannot touch the *I*,
The *Thou*, that dwells in clay receptacle,
Vast, awful, inaccessible, alone,
And indestructible as earth or heaven.

BRISOT.

Would we could summon our poor Valazé
To visit us, and his forsaken corpse,
Which bears us now such mournful company —
What secrets he could tell us if he might.

Perchance even now he listens to our words,
And shares our sorrow as he shared before.

SILLERY.

I do propose that in a solemn pledge
Over this wine we bear our love to him—
The soul of Valazé, if soul he have,
Outliving its poor garb of flesh and bone,
Or I, or thou, or any piece of dust
That walks on legs and calls itself a man;
Here's to his memory!—and, if he live,
May he be happy in the light of heaven.

BRISSOT.

Dear Valazé! 't is pleasant to my soul,
For soul *I* have, coeval with its God,
To think that he is with us at this hour;
Filled with the virtuous joy that shall be ours,
Soon as the bloody knife has done its work
In opening the door 'twixt earth and heaven,
And letting us go free.

LASOURCE.

Free of the earth, perhaps, but free as gods?
To love, to know, to labor, to aspire?
They say that heaven is full beatitude,
Bliss infinite, and yet a bliss complete,
Sum of all hopes, and crown of all desire.
I would not pass into a stagnant heaven,
For ever singing psalms and saying prayers.
Ah, no; the heaven that my spirit craves,
If place it be, and not a state of mind,

Is place for Progress — infinite as God.
There is no good but effort. Paradise,
With nothing to be done, would be to me
Worse than the blackest Hell that Dante drew,
Or English Milton in his awful song.

DUCOS.

What work would'st do? Would'st like to strive
in heaven
With Robespierres or Dantons? or would'st go
Down to the other place to battle there?

LASOURCE.

As for the other place, there is no hell
But that which dwells in the ungodly soul —
A hell eternal as the soul itself.
But for the virtuous and aspiring mind
There is no task more adequate to heaven
Than war with Error. Light was only made
To change the alien Darkness to itself;
Love but to conquer and extinguish Hate.

CARRA.

I have two doubts; but to my tranquil mind
Each is a comfort. If perchance I go
Out of this body and remain myself,
I feel that God is good, and that this self
Shall not be damned, whatever bigots feign,
But shall enjoy the infinitude of love.
And if I go *not* hence — if I am *this*, —
This bag of joints, and arteries, and flesh —

Nothing besides — and consciousness expires
 When the lungs cease their functions, and the heart
 Sends to the pulse the living stream no more,
 There is nor disappointment, grief, nor pain,
 In thought of nothingness. I've lived my life,
 And can go down to Death without a pang,
 And think annihilation bliss indeed.

DUCOS.

I not. I take an interest in things,
 And would be glad to learn the fate of France,
 For whose dear sake we die to-morrow morn ;
 And if the 'incorruptible' corrupt
 And bloody Robespierre shall 'scape the toils
 He sets for us. I should be glad to know
 How long the savage hounds that lap our blood
 Shall offer up such holocausts to Hate,
 As we shall be, ere shines another sun.
 Nor that alone ; — I should rejoice to see
 What great new poets shall arise with Time,
 What famous plays and mighty play-actors
 Shall draw the tears from lovely ladies' eyes,
 Or dimple their sweet cheeks to heavenly smiles ;
 What new discoveries shall yet be made,
 Greater than printing or than gunpowder ;
 And what shall be the fashion of men's beards
 And young girls' petticoats a century hence ;
 How long the French Republic shall endure,
 And whether any Cromwell shall arise
 To turn our troubles to his own account ;
 Or worst of all, whether the Capet race
 Shall mount the throne again to play the fool,

And drive humanity a century back ;
And whether Catholic and Protestant
Shall hate each other in the days to come,
And do foul murder for the love of God,
As they have done since Luther was a priest.

FONFRÈDE.

And so should I ; but not alone to know.
To see the miseries of this poor world,
Without the power to aid in their relief,
Would be indeed as bad as pitchy hell,
And worms that die not, and tormenting fiends.
No, no, Ducos ; if we return at all,
We shall return refreshed, and play a part.

VERGNIAUD.

Keep to thy thought, Fonfrède, and lose it not ;
The soul, partaker of Divinity,
Must be partaker of Infinity —
Must know alike the secrets of all space,
And of this little grain of rolling sand
That we are born upon. Yes, we shall see,
Clear as a book, the riddle of the world ;
We shall repeat the watchword of the stars ;
We shall drink in divine enravishment,
As full upon us burst the harmonies
Of rolling planets, systems, firmaments.
The key-note of the music shall be plain,
And we shall strike it whensoever we will,
And add to infinite Joy, Love infinite.

FAUCHET.

If we are worthy. Not to every soul
 Such love and joy as thou depicteſt.
 Freed from its earthly ſhell, th' eternal mind
 Muſt ſtruggle *there*, as it has ſtruggled here,
 Upward, ſtill upward, with inceſſant toil,
 To make itſelf partaker of the bliſs,
 That in a widening circle God hath ſpread
 Through his ineffable eternity.

SILLERY.

Is talking, ſtruggling? For I truſt, dear friend,
 There will be talking in the other world,
 And that we, twenty-one, now ſupping here,
 Diſcourſing miſtily of earth and heaven,
 Shall have a nobler banquet in the ſky,
 And better talk in better company,
 To-morrow night; — banquet of heavenly fruits,
 Ambroſia, nectar, manna, wine of gods,
 And conſerve with the mighty men of yore: —
 Socrates, Plato, Buddha, Mahomet,
 Homer, Anacreon, Euripides,
 Ovid and Dante, Shakspeare and Corneille,
 With Cæſar, Antony, and Conſtantine,
 With Cleopatra, Hero, Helena,
 Eve, and Semiramis, and Joan of Arc,
 And a whole hoſt of the undying dead —
 Sages, philoſophers, and ancient kings,
 Bards, ſtateſmen, actors, dancing girls, and wits,
 And moſt beloved, our brother Valazé,
 Gone as a herald to announce the doom
 Of three times ſeven unconquerable ſouls,

Coming to join them ere the world goes round,
Or the next twilight deepens into day.

LASOURCE.

What ails our friend, our brother Vergniaud?
His gaze is fixed upon vacuity —
He hears us not — he looks, but sees us not.
Kind sleep has thrown her mantle over him,
And in his slumber flow unbidden tears.

FONFRÈDE.

I could weep with him. Here we sit and talk
Of heaven and hell, unloosing knotty points,
Or grappling with them, but to make the coil
A worse entanglement — forgetting France,
And those who love us. I've not shed a tear,
But I could weep a flood, and in each drop
Pay tribute to my own humanity,
Which blushes for me, that I should forget
In these last hours, my few, my faithful friends;
And she, the dear companion of my soul —
My love — my better life — that prays for me
In solitude and sorrow; or, perchance,
Watches outside these very walls, and weeps.
The tears are gathering in my eyes for her,
And they *must* flow, or make my heart a wreck.

VERGNIAUD.

Let the flood burst: tears are the wine of grief,
And will inspire thee more than sparkling Ai
Can stir the pulses of a bacchanal.
I crave no pardon for the tears I've shed,

The latest luxury that I shall taste.
 In one short minute I have lived a life,
 Felt all my joys, and suffered all my woes ;
 Loved all my loves, hoped all my hopes, despaired
 All the despairs that ever dulled my sense ;
 Spoken my speeches, stirred a listening land
 In name of freedom and the rights of men,
 Ending this cosmorama of my days
 By weeping on the breast of her I love
 The tears you saw me shed — the tears whose flow
 Refreshed my heated brain, and bore me back
 To consciousness of *now*, which I had lost.

GENSONNÉ.

Even so with me. I have been living lives
 In minutes since our festival began.
 Aye as the sands grow scanty in the glass
 Of unrelenting Time, the falling grain
 Exceeds in value all that went before,
 And years of feeling load the back of each.
 Five minutes past I was a little child —
 I roamed in meadows, gathering violets,
 I bathed my tiny feet in running streams,
 I strutted o'er the sward with martial drum,
 I conned my painful lesson in the school,
 I nestled in my little sister's breast,
 And fell asleep, my arms entwining her.
 And then I grew into a thoughtful boy,
 Full of high projects and intense desires —
 Passion and folly, wisdom and romance,
 Ruling my soul by turns. Another grain
 Dropped in the glass, and, lo ! I was a man,

Filled with ambition, and desire of fame,
Raising my voice above the popular din,
To swell the rallying cry of ceaseless war
To royal tyranny and feudal wrong.
Another grain dropped through, and I was wed,
And lived long years of bridal happiness.
I built my house upon a hill. I planned
Gardens and orchards, parks, and sloping lawns,
And fled from clash of modern politics
To ancient lore and calm philosophy.
Another grain, and all the visions fled.
I braved false judges in the judgment-seat,
Dishonoring judgment and the name of man;
Defied them to their teeth, and dared to die,
And leave my fate a legacy to Time.
All this, and more, unwinding like a scroll,
Has passed before me at this feast of death,
Even as I talked, and drank, and laughed with you.
A double consciousness — an added self
Swathed me all o'er, as glory swathes a saint.

DUCOS.

Thy visions have been brave, dear Gensonné.
I have been thinking of my mistresses,
Eulalie, Marie, Gabrielle, Fifine —
Who loved me first — who last — and who the best;
And whether one of them, to-morrow morn
Will give a last and solitary thought
To me, a man defrauded of my head,
Having no property in my own life,
And lost to them for loving liberty,
And daring to interpret for myself
What meant the name.

SILLERY.

Did'st love the four at once ? or two by two ?
Or did'st thou take the darlings one by one ?
Or love this liberty still more than them ?
In either case why should they weep for thee,
So loose and fickle in thy preference ?
And yet 'tis sweet to know a woman sighs
For our distresses, and would share them all,
If sharing would relieve. Fill up again —
We grow lugubrious. *I*, that ever laughed,
Crutch-ridden, and decrepit as I am,
At nightly comedy, and daily farce,
Played in all places — forum, palace, street,
In church and tavern — attic or saloon —
Must not be tragic, ev'n though dungeon walls
Shut from my vision that stupendous farce —
The rolling earth. Fill to the brim your cups.
We'll toast our friends, our wives, our mistresses.

VERGNIAUD.

God bless the maid whose image fills my soul,
The incarnation of all purity —
All modesty — all loveliness — all grace,
My own heart's partner — my betrothed wife.
Never to see me in this mortal state —
Never to these pale, faithful lips of mine
To give the answering kiss of plighted truth.
God shower His blessings on her ! May she live,
Unscathed, in all the perils of the time,
And love of me be thought no crime in her
By those who wield the destinies of France,
And slay the innocent.

FAUCHET.

Amen, amen — for her, and all we love.

DUCOS.

We grow too serious. If we ransack thus
The stores of memory for joys bygone,
For hopes decayed, and loves for ever lost,
We shall unman ourselves, and yield our breath
Like love-sick maidens, who, in deep decline,
Aye prattle prettily of moonlit seas,
Fresh flowers, green meads, and shady forest walks,
To the last moment of their artless lives.
In my philosophy there are no tears,
No sighs, no groans, no useless fond regrets,
But a stout heart, and laughter to the last.

(Sings.)

THE CAP AND BELLS.

Did you ever trust a friend,
And when cheated trust him more?
Ever seek to gain your end,
Knocking at a rich man's door?
Do you trust your Doris fair,
When her tale of love she tells?
You deserve the cap you wear,
Jingle, jangle — shake your bells.

Think you that the men are wise
Who embark in public strife?
Or their judgment do you prize
Who for country risk their life?

Truth's existence could you swear ?
Or affirm where honor dwells ?
You deserve the cap you wear,
Jingle, jangle — shake your bells.

FONFRÈDE.

The voice is good — the singer, my good friend —
The manner perfect, but the song itself
A baseless libel. Try again, Ducos,
And give us something in a nobler mood.
We may not die with falsehood on our tongues,
And gibes and sneers curvetting on our lips.

DUCOS.

If, like a swan, I must expire in song,
Hear my death anthem. Join it, if you will.

THE GREY OWL.

The grey owl sat on the belfry leads,
And looked o'er the Seine to the place of heads,
Over the Seine to the Place de Grève.
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.
The moonlight streamed o'er the abbey nave,
Over the housetops silently lying
White as the mist when the morn is new ;
And aye the owl, so solemn of look,
The speckled grey of his plumage shook,
And screeched in the turret — tu wheet, tu whoo !

Clear and full the moonlight swam
Around the towers of Notre Dame,

And tinged on the Grève the guillotine —
The winds were sighing, the trees replying —

When a cry was heard the gusts between,
A moan for the dead, and not for the dying,
Dolefully sounding the faubourgs through.

'T was the howl of a dog for his master slain,
And the grey owl flapped his wings again,
And screeched in the turret — tu wheet, tu whoo !

He flapped his wings, and away he lurched
Over the Seine, and resting, perched
On the high cross-beam of the guillotine top.
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.

The tail of the howling hound did drop
As he saw through the pallid moonlight flying
The doleful bird loom into his view ;

He ceased his moan and slunk away,
And the old owl rustled his pinions grey,
And screeched from the scaffold — tu wheet, tu whoo !

'Hurra !' quoth he, as the creature ran ;
'What right have dogs to moan for man,
Or of love like this to make pretence ?'
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.

'Such canine truth is a foul offence ;
For if every fool on the guillotine dying,
Had a friend like this to howl and rue,
Their noise would drown the people's roar
When it tasted blood and clamored for more.'
And the grey owl screeched — tu wheet, tu whoo !

‘I wot that to-morrow’s sun shall see
 The death of a goodly company —
 I trust no dogs will howl for them.’
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.
 ‘Two-and-twenty we condemn —
 One has escaped from the shame of dying,
 Opened a door and glided through ;
 Yet two-and-twenty heads in all
 Under the bloody knife shall fall.’
And the grey owl screeched — tu wheet, tu whoo !

‘Many shall follow them day by day,
 The harvest-time shall not delay —
 The headsman’s harvest, so ripe, so red.’
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.
 ‘I know the name of each sentenced head —
 Danton, the harsh and death-defying —
 All his friends that think him true —
 Brutal and greedy Père Duchêne,
 With all his comrades, all his train.’
And the grey owl screeched — tu wheet, tu whoo !

‘And after a while a greater still
 Shall tread the road, shall climb the hill,
 Amid the shouts of the changeful crowd’ —
The winds were sighing, the trees replying —
 ‘And shall headless sleep in a bloody shroud.
 Hated in life, accursed in dying,
 He shall meet the doom of the twenty-two ;
 And his name shall live the world to scare —
 ’Tis Robespierre ! ’tis Robespierre !’
And the grey owl screeched — tu wheet, tu whoo !

SILLERY.

Who is your owl, Ducos? — the embodied soul
Of Marat visiting the earth again?
Whoe'er he be, his prophecies are safe,
And through the glooms of Time his eyes can see
About as clearly as some men's, I know.
'Tis a brave bird, Ducos, and speaks the truth,
Although his voice is harsh, his truth a fear,
And deeds of blood his too familiar thought.

LASOURCE.

Behold the dawn. It breaks upon the world.
How at this hour the oceans sport their waves,
And turn their frothy ringlets to the light.
And all the peaks of Alps and Apennines
Catch on their snowy heights the ruddy gold,
The silver, and the purple, and the grey,
And all the glory of its majesty.
The ancient forests shake their lordly boughs,
And pay obeisance to the rising morn,
The green fields smile, dew glistening, in its face,
The distant towns and villages awake,
The milk-maid sings, the cow-boy winds his horn,
And lowing cattle climb the sunward hills,
The twin grey towers of ancient Nôtre Dame
Are gilded with a smile, like hoary age
Relaxing to behold an infant's play —
Aye, even the gory guillotine receives
The splendor of the morning, and the slave
Drinks of the sunshine freely as the free.
What beauty compasses the teeming world!
What hideous spectacles ungrateful men

Throw in its face, to tire it of itself !
Beautiful morn ! my blessing upon day !

SILLERY.

And mine — if worth acceptance. But, behold,
The gaoler comes — our feast is at an end ;
The death-bell tolls. Time fades to nothingness ;
The hideous dream of life draws to its close ;
The morning of Eternity is near.
Let us arise, and wake like healthful men.

FAUCHET.

May God have mercy on us, and forgive
Our enemies, as we forgive them now.

VERGNIAUD.

Farewell, dear brothers — farewell, friends beloved.
The victims of a fearful tyranny
We die, but leave our names an heritage
That France shall wear, and boast of to the world.

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THE KING AND THE NIGHTINGALES.

A LEGEND OF HAVERING.

[Havering-atte-Bower, in Essex, was the favorite retirement of King Edward the Confessor, who so delighted in its solitary woods, that he shut himself up in them for weeks at a time. Old legends say that he met with but one annoyance in that pleasant seclusion—the continual warbling of the nightingales, pouring such floods of music upon his ear during his midnight meditations, as to disturb his devotions. He therefore prayed that never more within the bounds of that forest might nightingale's song be heard. His prayer, adds the legend, was granted. The following versification of the story shows a different result to his prayers—a result which, if it contradict tradition, does not, it is presumed, contradict poetical justice.]

KING Edward dwelt at Havering-atte-Bower—
Old, and enfeebled by the weight of power—
Sick of the troublous majesty of kings—
Weary of duty and all mortal things—
Weary of day—weary of night—forlorn—
Cursing, like Job, the hour that he was born,
Thick woods environed him, and in their shade
He roamed all day, and told his beads, and prayed.
Men's faces pained him, and he barred his door
That none might find him;—even the sunshine bore
No warmth or comfort to his wretched sight;
And darkness pleased no better than the light.

He scorned himself for eating food like men,
And lived on roots and water from the fen ;
And aye he groaned, and bowed his hoary head —
Did penance, and put nettles in his bed —
Wore sackcloth on his loins, and smote his breast —
Told all his follies, all his sins confessed —
Made accusations of himself to Heaven,
And owned to crimes too great to be forgiven,
Which he had thought, although he had not done —
Blackening his blackness ; numbering one by one
Unheard of villanies without a name,
As if he gloried in inventing shame,
Or thought to win the grace of heaven by lies,
And gain a saintship in a fiend's disguise.

Long in these woods he dwelt — a wretched man,
Shut from all fellowship, self-placed in ban —
Laden with ceaseless prayer and boastful vows,
Which day and night he breathed beneath the boughs.
But sore distressed he was, and wretched quite,
For every evening with the waning light
A choir of nightingales, the brakes among,
Deluged the woods with overflow of song.
'Unholy birds,' he said, 'your throats be riven,
You mar my prayers, you take my thoughts from
heaven.'

But still the song, magnificent and loud,
Poured from the trees like rain from thunder-cloud.
Now to his vexed and melancholy ear
Sounding like bridal music, pealing clear ;
Anon it deepened on his throbbing brain
To full triumphal march or battle strain ;

Then seemed to vary to a choral hymn,
Or *De Profundis* from cathedral dim,
'*Te Deum,*' or '*Hosanna to the Lord,*'
Chanted by deep-voiced priests in full accord.
He shut his ears, he stamped upon the sod —
'Be ye accursed, ye take my thoughts from God!
And thou, beloved saint, to whom I bend,
Lamp of my life, my guardian and my friend,
Make intercession for me, sweet St. John,
And hear the anguish of thy suffering son.
May nevermore within these woods be heard
The song of morning or of evening bird,
May nevermore their harmonies awake
Within the precincts of this lonely brake,
For I am weary, old, and full of woe,
And their songs vex me. This one boon bestow,
That I may pray; and give my thoughts to thee,
Without distraction of their melody;
And that within these bowers my groans and sighs
And ceaseless prayers be all the sounds that rise.
Let God alone possess me, last and first;
And, for His sake, be all these birds accursed.'

This having said, he started where he stood,
And saw a stranger walking in the wood;
A purple glory, pale as amethyst,
Clad him all o'er. He knew th' Evangelist;
And, kneeling on the earth with reverence meet,
He kissed his garment's hem, and clasped his fee.
'Rise,' said the saint, 'and know, unhappy king,
That true Religion hates no living thing;

It loves the sunlight, loves the face of man,
And takes all virtuous pleasure that it can —
Shares in each harmless joy that Nature gives,
Bestows its sympathy on all that lives,
Sings with the bird, rejoices with the bee,
And, wise as manhood, sports with infancy.
Let not the nightingales disturb thy prayers,
But make thy thanksgiving as pure as theirs;
So shall it mount on wings of love to heaven,
And thou, forgiving, be thyself forgiven.'

The calm voice ceased ; — King Edward dared not
look,

But bent to earth, and blushed at the rebuke ;
And though he closed his eyes and hid his face,
He knew the saint had vanished from the place.
And when he rose, ever the wild woods rang
With the sweet song the birds of evening sang.
No more he cursed them ; loitering on his way
He listened pleased, and blessed them for their lay,
And on the morrow quitted Havering
To mix with men, and be again a king,
And fasting, moaning, scorning, praying less,
Increased in virtue and in happiness.

EVERMORE — NEVERMORE.

‘ WILT thou run to me for ever ? ’

Said the ocean to the river.

‘ Will ye ever fall on my hills and plains ? ’

Said the dry land to the rains.

‘ Will ye ever blossom while I sing ? ’

Said the lark to the flowers of spring.

‘ Will ye ever ripen while I shine ? ’

Said the sun to the corn and vine.

And ever the answer the breezes bore

Was, ‘ *Evermore — for Evermore.* ’

‘ As long as all these things shall be, ’

Said I, to Rosa kissing me,

‘ Shall Truth be sharper than a sword ?

Shall kindness be its own reward ?

Shall a free heart smooth the roughest way ?

Shall Hope shed light on the darkest day ?

Shall tempests spare the reeds that bow,

And thou love me as thou lovest now ? ’

And ever the answer her sweet lips bore

Was, ‘ *Evermore — for evermore.* ’

‘ But shall I ever come back from thee ? ’
Said the river to the sea ;
‘ Or I ? ’ said the flower that Rosa threw
Into its waters bright and blue.
‘ Will ye bloom again on the summer eves ? ’
Said the tree to its withered leaves.
‘ Wilt thou fall again when the north winds blow ? ’
Said the grass to the melting snow.
And ever the answer the breezes bore
Was, ‘ *Nevermore — oh, nevermore.* ’

‘ If such the rule beneath the skies,’
Said Rosa, gazing in my eyes,
‘ Shall Duty quit the debt we owe her,
Or blisses fail the bliss bestower ?
Shall a miser’s heart be improved by his gold ?
Shall the wealth of love be ever told ?
Or thou prove false to the tender vow
Thou swearest and repeatest now ? ’
And aye the answer my true lips bore
Was ‘ *Nevermore — oh, nevermore.* ’

THE TRUE COMPANION.

GIVE me the man, however old and staid,
Or worn with sorrow and perplexity,
Who, when he walks in sunshine or in shade,
By woodland bowers, or bare beach of the sea,
O'er hill-top, or in valleys green with me,
Throws off his age, and gambols like a child,
And finds a boyish pleasure in the wild,
Rejuvenescent on the flowery lea :
Him shall the years press lightly as he goes ;
The kindly wisdom gathered in the fields
Shall be his antidote to worldly woes ;
And the o'erflowing joy that nature yields
To her true lovers, shall his heart enclose,
And blunt the shafts of care like iron shields.

WELCOME BACK.

SWEET songs of nightingale and lark
That greet the golden dawn,
Or twilight deepening into dark,
By mountain, grove, or lawn ;
Long days, clear nights, and balmy winds,
Fresh flowers and forest leaves,
Birds, blossoms, fruits of ruddy rinds,
New hay, and barley sheaves ;
All joys of nature, sounds or sights
Of forest, stream, or plain,
Ye 're welcome, welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

Fair hopes, forgotten 'mid our toils ;
Sweet visions dreamed of yore,
Calm thoughts effaced in life's turmoils,
Old songs we 've sung before ;
Forgotten comrades, friends estranged,
Acquaintance o'er the seas,
Old feelings weakened, lost, or changed,
And youthful memories ;

Pure joys of home, kind words, sweet smiles,
And sympathy in pain,
Ye're welcome, welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

For Heaven is kind and makes no stint
Of blessings, though we die ;
They pass in circles, and imprint
Their footsteps as they fly.
'Tis ours to train them when begun
To keep the circle true,
And not neglect, forget, or shun
The old ones for the new.
Ne'er to the hearts that prize them well
They hold their course in vain :
They're welcome, welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

A LOVER'S FANCIES.

- ' *What sounds like pewter ?* ' said my Rose, in play—
 ' The fall of earth upon a coffin lid.'
' *Like tin ?* ' — ' The cock-crow heralding the day,
 Or infant wailing that its mother chid.'
' *Like steel ?* ' — ' The quick sharp twitter on the spray
 Of numerous sparrows in the foliage hid.'
' *Like gold ?* ' — ' The strong wind over forests borne,
 Or full bass singer chanting prayer and creed.'
' *Like brass ?* ' — ' The neighing of a frightened steed,
 Or roar of people clamoring for corn.'
' *Like iron ?* ' — ' Thunder-claps suddenly woken,
 Startling the city in the summer night.'
' *Like silver ?* ' — ' Thy sweet voice that speaks delight,
 And breathes Love's promise, never to be broken.'

THE NINE BATHERS.

‘ I WOULD like to bathe in milk,’
Said little Agnes, fresh and fair,
With her taper fingers smooth as silk,
Her cherry cheeks, and nut-brown hair —
‘ In a bath of ivory, filled to the brim,
I would love to lie and swim,
And float like a strawberry plucked at dawn
In the lily-white waves of milk new drawn.’

‘ And I,’ said Rose, with her eyes divine,
‘ Would love to bathe in the ruddy wine,
Trailing my long and coal-black locks
In purple claret and amber hocks ;
And I would have a fountain play
So that the wine might fall in spray,
And I might stand in the sparkling rain,
Statue-like, in perfect rest ; —
And if the droplets left a stain,
I’d have a fountain of champagne
To wash the purple from my breast,
And troops of slaves, in rich attire,
Should scatter myrrh and incense sweet

And bring me, should my looks desire,
A golden ewer to wash my feet.
I'd tread on carpets of velvet woof,
My mirrors should reach from floor to roof,
And every slave should envy me
My loveliness and luxury.'

'And I,' said Jane, with her eyes' dark glances
Radiant with untold romances,
'Would choose a milder bath than thine,
Nor crumple my curls with fiery wine.
In a bath of alabaster bright,
In a marble-floored and lofty hall,
Transplendent with the regal light
Of a thousand lamps from roof and wall.
Amid exotics rich and rare
Filling with odors all the air,
In clear rose-water I would lie,
Like a lily on a lake serene,
Or move my limbs to the harmony
Of an orchestra unseen,
Placed in a chamber far remote,
And floating sing, and singing float.'

'Sweet bath,' said the calm, fair Margaret;
'But the bath I'd choose is sweeter yet.
I'd have it in a rich saloon
Open to the breeze of noon,
With marble columns smooth and high,
And crimson damask drapery,
Filled with statues chaste and rare
Of nymphs and gods divinely fair.

Of jet-black marble the bath should be,
With no white speck on its purity ;
It should not flow with milk or wine,
With scented waters or with brine ;
It should be filled with meadow dew,
Gathered at morning in the grass,
'Mid harebell cups and violets blue,
And my bath should be my looking-glass ;
And I would have a score of maids
Glowing with beauty, each and all,
To twist my locks in graceful braids,
And dress me for a festival.'

' And I,' said Liliás, raising her eyes
Clear as morn, of passion full,
' Would love to bathe under Eastern skies,
In the palace gardens of Istamboul,
In the hanging groves of Babylon,
Or Bagdad, city of the sun,
'Mid orange, date, and trailing vine,
Palm, and myrtle, and eglantine ;
I would have fifty fountains fair,
'Mid bowers of roses and evergreens,
And bathing in the odorous air,
I would be waited on by queens.'

' And I,' said Ann, with her drooping tresses,
And eyes as full of love's caresses
As the morning is of day,
And mouth so ripe and kindly smiling
'T was never made to answer ' Nay,'

‘I would bathe in the fresh blue sea
With the wild waves sporting over me ;
I would toy with the harmless foam,
Passing my fingers like a comb
Through the crest of each wave that reared
Its spray, as white as Neptune’s beard ;—
With a fresh wind blowing across the reach,
I would dive and float again and again,
And dress myself on the bare sea-beach,
In a nook invisible to men.’

‘And I,’ said Laura, ‘would choose my bath
Where a river took its lonely path
On round smooth shingle, clear in its flow,
Showing the pebbles that slept below,
Through a flowery lawn well shaven and soft
And cool to the feet. I would not care
For bands of music, if larks aloft
Filled with their songs the sunny air ;
I would not ask for lustres bright,
If the clear morning shed its light ;
Not for marble statue of youth and maid,
If oaks and poplars lent their shade ;
Nor for exotics of choice perfume,
If the meadow-sweet were fresh in bloom ;
I would but ask for a summer day,
And nearest eyes ten miles away.’

‘And I,’ said tuneful Isabel,
With her soft blue eyes and cheek vermeil,
With her witching smile and modest blush,
And voice to make the blackbird hush,

‘I would not bathe by the sea-beach cold,
Nor river running through open wold;
I would not bathe in halls of state,
In wine, or milk, or honey-dew;
On me should no serving maidens wait,
Nor luxury my senses woo.

I would bathe far up in a Highland burn,
Hidden from sight in its every turn,
Deep embowered ’mid pendent larch,
And silver birches poised on high,
With nothing alive to cross my path
But the bright incurious butterfly;
In a limpid basin of the rocks
I would unbind my flaxen locks,
And lay my clothes on the mossy stone,
Happy — happy — and all alone.’

‘And I,’ said Geraldine, smoothing back,
From her stately brow, her tresses black,
A blush, like morning over the isles,
Dawning upon her cheeks, and smiles
Flashing about her lips and eyes,
Full of meanings and mysteries,
‘I would love to bathe in a quiet mere,
As a mirror smooth, as a dew-drop clear,
So still that my floating limbs should make
The only ripples upon the lake;
I’d have it fringed with fruits and flowers,
Forests and orchards, groves and bowers,
That whenever I bathed in the noons of spring
I might pluck laburnums blossoming,

Or shake, as I floated, the lilac blooms,
Or chestnut cones with their rich perfumes,
Over my glancing neck and shoulders,
Concealed in the leaves from all beholders,
Except from the ring-dove — too intent
On her own pleasures to look at mine ;
And if I bathed when the flowers were spent,
And peaches blushed in the autumn shine,
I would choose a solitary nook,
By the confluence of a brook,
Where the apples were ripe, and the jet-black cherries,
And the juicy luscious dark mulberries,
Or jargonelles of a ruddy gold,
And nectarines as sweet to taste
As the kisses of urchins three years old,
Grew within reach, that stretching in haste
My hand to the boughs as I floated near,
Or stood knee-deep in the lucid mere,
I might rustle and shake the pulpy treasure
Into the water for my pleasure,
Catching an apple as it fell,
Or diving for a jargonelle.'

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THE WATER TARANTELLA.

['The condition of those who were afflicted with Tarantism was in many cases united with so great a sensibility to music, that at the very first tone of their favorite melodies, they sprang up shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission until they sank to the ground exhausted, and almost lifeless. Some loved to hear the sound of water, and delighted in hearing of gushing springs, and rushing cascades and streams.' — HECKER'S EPIDEMICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. THE DANCING MANIA.]

THE winds blow low on the fields and hedges,
There is a murmur amid the sedges,
A low sweet sound where the water gushes
Forth from the grass amid the rushes;
It is a streamlet small and young,
It loves to dally the mosses among,
It trickles slowly,
It whispers lowly,
On its breast the thistle drops its down,
The water lily
So white and stilly
Sleeps in its lap till its leaves grow brown.

*Dance, poor Eveleen — dance, and dream —
Soft is the music, and fresh the stream.*

We will follow thee where it flows —
It leaves the sedges dank behind,
And on its fringe a willow shows
Its silvery leaflets to the wind ;
And a brook comes down from far away
And babbles into it all the day —
And both together creep through meads
Where the shy plover hides and feeds ; —
And then away through fields of corn
Or stretch of meadows newly shorn,
Noiselessly they flow and clear
By open wold and covered brake,
But if you listen you may hear
The steady music that they make.

*Dance, poor Eveleen, dance — we follow —
O'er field, through copse, o'er lawn, through hollow.*

And now the stream begins to run
Over the pebbles in its bed,
To rumple its breast and glance in the sun,
And curl to the light breeze overhead.
No longer loitering, lingering, calm,
It hurries away o'er the chafing shingle,
Humming a song, singing a psalm,
Through the orchard, down the dingle.
Pools like mirrors adorn its breast,
And there the trout and the minnow rest,
The ringdove sings in her nest alone
The tender song that love has taught her,
And the redbreast sits on the boulder stone,
Washing his plumes in the wimpling water.

*Brisker now let the music sound ;
Dance, Eveleen, dance, we follow thee ever,
And tread the ground with a quick rebound,
Away, away with the rolling river.*

Fed by its tributary rills
From distant valleys with circling hills,
And travelling seaward merrily brawling,
Wild, impassioned, rapid, and strong,
With a voice of power to the green woods calling,
The impetuous river dashes along,
And is sweeping, leaping, through the meadows
Almost as fast as the driving shadows
Of clouds that fly before the wind,
Down to the chasmy precipices,
There to burst in foaming fall ;
It bursts, it thunders, it roars, it hisses —
An iris is its coronal ;
And the pendulous trees above it shiver,
Bathed by the rain of that rampant river.

*So dance, fair Eveleen, faster, faster,
Unloose thy zone, thy locks untwine ;
Thy bosom, no more like the alabaster,
Is flushed, and heated, and red like wine :
Thy pulse is beating, thy blood is heating,
Thy lips are open, thine eye-balls shine.*

And now the river speeds its wrath,
The music sinks, the winds blow low ;
Its bosom broad is a nation's path —
Smooth and pleasant is its flow.

A boat shoots by with its rowers trim,
A ferryman plies his lazy oar;
And miles adown, in the distance dim,
There stands a city on the shore.

*By cornfields yellow, by meadows green,
And stately gardens, we advance;
Still we follow thee, Eveleen —
Gentle, gentler, be thy dance.*

Behold, upon a grassy lawn,
Sloped smoothly downwards to the brink,
With large soft eyes, a dapple fawn
Stoops to the lucid wave to drink;
And lo! an avenue of oak,
Whose wrinkled stems of giant girth,
Have stood unharmed the winter's stroke
For thrice a century, firm in earth,
Their boughs o'ertopped by the turrets hoary
Of a mansion old and famed in story.

*They pass, all pass,
As in magic glass,
And still we trace the placid stream —
Castle and tower,
And park and bower;
Dance, poor Eveleen, dance and dream.*

A hundred ships are in the river,
Their tall masts point to a clear blue sky,
Their sails are furled, their pennants curled,
To the sweet west wind that wantons by,

And every flag emblazoned fair,
Flaps at its will on the sunny air.
There is a peal of sabbath bells,
Over the river's breast it swells ;
The tall proud steeples look calmly down
On the quiet houses of the town ;
'Tis a day of love, of rest, of peace,
Eveleen, the song must cease.

*Gently, Eveleen, gently rest,
Softly on thy pillow sleep ;
The fit is o'er, thy heaving breast
Will calm itself in slumber deep ;
Thou'st danced, poor maid, the tarantelle,
Thou'st danced it long, and danced it well,
Thou'st trod the maze, and traced the shore,
Thou shalt be healed for evermore.*

TO A LADY OF GENIUS.

IMBUED with the seraphic fire
To wake the music of the lyre,
To love — to know — and to aspire : —

Thou seëst in thy truthful dream
All Nature robed in light supreme,
And thou wouldst carol in the beam.

Happy — yet most unhappy still !
I dread to think what good and ill,
What joy and grief thy heart shall fill !

Think, ere thou choose such high career,
If thou hast strength to persevere,
And scale the summit, cold and clear.

Great shall thy pleasures be — thy soul
Shall chant with planets as they roll,
Made one with Nature — part and whole.

The clouds that flush the morning sky,
The wind that woos the branches high,
The leaves that whisper and reply ;

The heart of every living thing,
The flowers that gem the breast of spring,
The russet birds that soar and sing ;

The pendulous click of night and day,
The change of seasons as they play
In heavenly unison alway ;

The summer's sigh, the winter's roar,
The beat of billows on the shore,
Making deep music evermore ;

All sight, all sound, all sense shall be
The fountains of thy ecstasy,
And daily minister to thee ;

To thee the past shall disengage
The wisdom of its darkest page,
And give it for thy heritage ;

The present with its hopes and fears,
Its struggles, triumphs, smiles, and tears,
And glory of the coming years ;

All shall be giv'n to feed thy mind
With Love and Pity for thy kind,
And every sympathy refined.

All these, and more, shall be thine own,
And round thine intellectual throne
Th' applause of nations shall be blown.

Thy words shall fill the mouths of men,
The written lightnings of thy pen
Shall flash upon their wondering ken.

Oh Fate — oh Privilege sublime !
And art thou tempted ? Wilt thou climb ?
Young genius ! budding to thy prime ?

Reflect : — and weigh the loss and gain ;
All Joy is counterpoised by Pain : —
And nothing charms which we attain.

Who loves the music of the spheres
And lives on Earth, must close his ears
To many voices which he hears.

'Tis evermore the finest sense
That feels the anguish most intense
At daily outrage, gross and dense.

The greater joy, the keener grief,
Of Nature's balances, the chief,
She grants nor favor, nor relief.

And vain, most vain, is youthful trust,
For men are evermore unjust
To their superior fellow-dust, —

And ever turn malicious eyes
On those whom most they idolize,
And break their hearts with calumnies.

Their slanders, like the tempest stroke,
May leave the cowslip's stem unbroke,
But rend the branches of the oak.

If Genius live, 'tis made a slave —
And if it die, the true and brave —
Men pluck its heart out on its grave,

And then dissect it for the throng,
And say, 't was this, — so weak, or strong,
That poured such living floods of song.'

Each fault of genius is a crime,
For Cant or Folly to beslime —
Sent drifting on the stream of Time.

Wouldst thou escape such cruel fate,
And thou a woman? watch and wait, —
But seek — oh seek not — to be great.

But if thou lovest song so well
That thou must sing, though this befell
And worse than this, ineffable, —

May all good angels keep thy heart
Pure to itself, and to thine art,
And shield it from the poison dart, —

That when thou sittest on the height,
Thy song may be its own delight,
And cheer thee in the world's despire.

ANGELIC VISITANTS.

ON Mamre's plain, beside the Patriarch's door
The ministering Angels sat — the world was young,
And men beheld what they behold no more.
Ah no! — The harps of Heaven are not unstrung!
The angelic visitants may yet appear
To those who seek them! — Lo! at Virtue's side,
Its friend, its prop, its solace, and its guide,
Walks FAITH, with upturned eyes and voice of cheer,
A visible Angel. Lo, at Sorrow's call,
HOPE hastens down, an angel fair and kind,
And whispers comfort whatsoe'er befall;
While CHARITY, the seraph of the mind,
White-robed and pure, becomes each good man's guest,
And makes this Earth a Heaven to all who love her
best.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

THE VOLUNTARY.

THE solemn organ poured sonorous waves
Of melody through the cathedral aisles
Dim, but most beautiful, that stood in gloom
Like antique forests, hardened into stone.
And as th' invisible musician played,
And all the pious women told their beads,
I, a spectator — not a worshipper —
Of a strange creed, and in a foreign land,
Thought of the music more than of the prayers,
Yet felt the spirit of devotion fill
And permeate my being. All my soul
Glowed with seraphic raptures of delight,
Until it seemed upon those seas of sound
To leave its cold mortality behind,
And float with favoring winds from Earth to Heav'n.

The anthem ceased; the kneeling women rose;
The long aisles slowly emptied of the crowd;
But still the organ pealed its solemn tones;
Touched by a mighty master of his art,

It gave its soul of melody for his.
He played a Voluntary to himself
Unconscious of a listener. What he dreamed
I never knew ; but I that heard him play
Shaped his imaginings to suit my own,
And formed them into this : —

The low, soft notes

Trickled upon each other like the drip
Of rain in summer upon trees and flowers.
And lo — I wandered knee-deep in the grass
Through a green meadow pied with butter-cups,
Valerian, daisies, and wild hyacinths.
I heard the rippling murmur of a brook,
Whose limpid waters sparkled to the sun ; —
Upon its brink a troop of children sat —
Fair boys with chubby cheeks and laughing eyes,
And girls with ringlets waving to the wind.
They braided garlands of the meadow flowers,
And tied them up with rushes : I could hear
Their joyous laughter and their artless talk ; —
The song of blackbirds in the neighboring copse,
The trumpet of the gnat, the bee's loud horn,
And click of grasshoppers, like meeting spears.

Anon the organ poured a deeper strain
And carried me away — far, far away —
In the green meadows, miles and miles adown
A lengthening river, widening evermore.
I saw the towns and cities on its banks —
I heard the pealing of the holiday bells,
And roar of people in the market-place,

The flapping of the sails of merchant-ships
Laden with corn, that with each flowing tide
Came upwards to the towns : I heard the creak
Of chains and dropping anchors in the ports,
A chorus at the capstan, of the crews,
As round and round they trod with measured steps,
And all the bustle of their busy life.

And still away — away — in floods of sound !
The unseen musician sitting at his keys,
Transported me, a willing auditor,
Where'er his fancy would : — the deep full tones
Grew deeper, fuller, louder, more sublime,
Until the waves of music swelled to seas
Whose angry billows, white with crests of foam,
Rushed with impetuous thunders on the land.
The moon withdrew her splendor from the clouds
And hid herself in darkness — the wind rose,
And soared in chorus with th' exulting sea
That answered it with thunders of her own.
Rain, hail, and sleet, and avalanche of spray
Broke in succession — wind, and sea, and sky,
Octave on octave — burst in worlds of sound,
The mighty discords clashing evermore,
Only to melt and fuse in harmonies.

Anon the lightning flashed upon the dark,
And thunder rattled o'er the cloudy vault,
As if the chariots of the heavenly host
Drove to the judgment-seat, and Earth's last day
Were sounded by the trumpets of the spheres.
The echoes rolled through the cathedral aisles

And died in silence : — Lo, the round full moon
Peered from the bosom of a rifted cloud ;
The winds sank low — the raging seas grew calm,
While loud clear voices from the upper air
Sang in sweet harmonies — ‘ The Lord is great —
His loving-kindness lasts for evermore.’

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BEAUTY and Love — and are they not the same ?

The one is both — and both are but the one —

Pervasive they of all around the sun,

Of one same essence, differing but in name.

Lo ! when pure Love lights his immortal flame,

He, and all Earth and Heaven in Beauty shine ;

And when true Beauty shows her face divine,

Love permeates the universal frame.

Holy of holies — mystery sublime !

Who truly loves is beautiful to see,

And scatters Beauty wheresoe'er he goes.

They fill all space — they move the wheels of Time ;

And evermore from their dread Unity,

Through all the firmaments Life's ocean flows.

A CRY FROM THE DEEP WATERS.

FROM the deep and troubled waters
Comes the cry ;
Wild are the waves around me —
Dark the sky :
There is no hand to pluck me
From the sad death I die.

To one small plank that fails me
Clinging low,
I am dashed by the angry billows
To and fro ;
I hear death-anthems ringing
In all the winds that blow.

A cry of suffering gushes
From my lips,
As I behold the distant
White-sail'd ships
O'er the dark waters gleaming
Where the horizon dips.

They pass ; they are too lofty
 And remote,
They cannot see the spaces
 Where I float.
The last hope dies within me,
 With the gasping in my throat.

Through dim cloud-vistas looking
 I can see,
The new moon's crescent sailing
 Pallidly :
And one star coldly shining
 Upon my misery.

There are no sounds in Nature
 But my moan,
The shriek of the wild petrel
 All alone,
And roar of waves exulting
 To make my flesh their own.

Billow with billow rages,
 Tempest-trod ;
Strength fails me ; coldness gathers
 On this clod :
From the deep and troubled waters
 I cry to *Thee*, my God.

WHEN I LIE COLD IN DEATH.

WHEN I lie cold in death,
Bury me where ye will,
Though if my living breath
May urge my wishes still,
When I shall breathe no more ;
Let my last dwelling be,
Beneath a turf with wild flowers covered o'er,
Under a shady tree, —
A grave where winds may blow and sunshine fall,
And autumn leaves may drop in yearly funeral.

I care not for a tomb,
With sculptured cherubim,
Amid the solemn gloom
Of old cathedrals dim.
I care not for the pride
Of epitaphs well-meant,
Nor wish my name with any pomps allied,
When my last breath is spent ;
Give me a grave beneath the fair green trees
And an abiding-place in good men's memories.

But wheresoe'er I sleep
I charge you, friends of mine,
With adjuration deep
And by your hopes divine ;
Let no irreverent pen
For sake of paltry pay,
Expose my faults or follies unto men,
To desecrate my clay :
Let none but good men's tongues my story tell, —
Nor even they, — I'd sleep unvexed by any knell.

Why should the gaping crowd
Claim any right to know
How sped in shine or cloud
My pilgrimage below ?
Why should the vulgar gaze
Be fixed upon my heart,
When I am dead, because in living days
I did my little part
To sing a music to the march of man —
A lark high carolling to armies in the van ?

But still if crowds will claim
A moral, to be told,
From my unwilling name,
When slumbering in the mould,
I'll tell the tale myself —
A story ever new —
Yet old as Adam. — Oh, ye men of pelf,
Ye would not tell it true —
But I will tell it in my noon of life,
And wave the flag aloft ere I depart the strife.

I wasted precious youth,
But learned before my prime
The majesty of Truth —
The priceless worth of Time ;
I hoped, and was deceived —
I built without a base —
I err'd — I suffer'd — doubted — and believed —
I ran a breathless race,
And when half-way toward the wished-for goal,
Despised the bauble crown, for which I'd given my
soul.

I thought that I was wise,
When folly was my rule,
But with late-open'd eyes
Confess'd myself a fool.
I strove in vain to flee
The penalty of sin ;
I plucked the apple, Pleasure, from the tree,
And found it dust within.
I sow'd ill seed in spring-time of my years —
And reap'd the natural crop of agony and tears.

I never did a wrong
That brought not punishment,
In sufferings keen and long
By chastening mercy sent.
I never did the right
Without a sweet reward
Of inward music and celestial light
In beautiful accord.
I never scorn'd but with result of scorn,
Nor loved without new life when I was most forlorn.

I think I loved my kind
And strove to serve it too,
And in my secret mind
Adored the good and true.
I know I never dipped
My pen in slime or gall,
Or wrote a sentence which the purest lipp'd
Would scruple to recall ;
I think my lyre gave forth a manly tone —
I know I never preached opinions not my own.

I found, as man or boy,
Delight in wild woods green,
And reap'd perpetual joy
From every natural scene.
I nursed amid the crowd
My human sympathies ;
To heart and brain they made appeal aloud,
With voice of mysteries.
And in the forest paths, or cities throng'd,
Nature was in my soul and to my soul belonged.

In all my life I felt
God's presence evermore,
And reverently knelt
To love and to adore ;
Such let the record be —
I charge ye, friends of mine,
Add but a date to this life-history —
Th' obituary line, —
Say that I lived and died, and did my best,
But spare my secret heart, and let my follies rest.

THE PRAISE OF WOMEN.

‘ My curse on those of women who speke —
I praye to God that their neckys doe breke.’

CHAUCE ?.

WOMAN may err — Woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate ;
But for *one* woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly Pity, by sweet Sympathy,
By patient Kindness, by enduring Truth,
By Love, supremest in adversity.
Theirs is the task to succor the distressed,
To feed the hungry, to console the sad,
To pour the balm upon the wounded breast,
And find dear Pity, even for the bad.
Blessings on Women ! In the darkest day
Their love shines brightest ; in the perilous hour
Their weak hands glow with strength our feuds to stay.
Blessings upon them ! and if Man would shower
His condemnation on the few that err,
Let him be calm, and cease his soul to vex ;
Think of his mother, and for sake of her
Forgive them all, and bless their gentler sex.

SERENITY.

A FANCY SUGGESTED BY JEAN PAUL.

STANDING alone, in vale or mountain-top,
Upon the grassy plain or ocean shore,
Or far away upon a ship at sea,
We are the middle of the Universe.
Around us as a centre, Earth and Heaven
Describe their mystic circles evermore.
We move ; and all the radii shape themselves
To the one point and focus of our eyes.
But in our mental life we disobey
The law of circles : on the outer verge
We stand for ever, sometimes looking down
Upon extraneous evil far removed
Beyond the bound of Earth's circumference,
Adown dark tangents infinitely stretched,
Through gloomy Chaos, troubled by Despair.
At other times we seek the sunniest verge,
The amber and the purple blooms of Heaven,
And strive with yearning eyes, made dim by tears,
To pierce the secrets of a happier state.
Exulting are we now, — and now forlorn.

Lord grant us wisdom ! grant that we may stand ,
In the fair middle of the spiritual world,
Undarken'd by the glooms of utter night,
Undazzled by the noontide glow of day.
True wisdom and serenity of soul
Dwell in the centre, and avoid extremes.

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

I HAVE a wondrous house to build,
A dwelling, humble yet divine ;
A lowly cottage to be filled
With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it strong and fair ?
This noble house, this lodging rare,
So small and modest, yet so great ?
How shall I fill its chambers bare
With use—with ornaments—with state ?

My God hath given the stone and clay ;
'Tis I must fashion them aright ;
'Tis I must mould them day by day,
And make my labor my delight ;
This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure-house, this holy dome,
Must be in all proportions fit,
That heavenly messengers may come
To lodge with him who tenants it.

No fairy bower this house must be,
To totter at each gale that starts,

But of substantial masonry,
Symmetrical in all its parts :
Fit in its strength to stand sublime,
For seventy years of mortal time,
Defiant of the storm and rain,
And well attempered to the clime
In every cranny, nook and pane.

I'll build it so, that if the blast
Around it whistle loud and long,
The tempest when its rage has pass'd
Shall leave its rafters doubly strong.
I'll build it so, that travellers by
Shall view it with admiring eye,
For its commodiousness and grace :
Firm on the ground — straight to the sky —
A meek, but goodly dwelling-place.

Thus noble in its outward form ;
Within I'll build it clean and white,
Not cheerless cold, but happy warm,
And ever open to the light.
No tortuous passages or stair,
No chamber foul, or dungeon lair,
No gloomy attic shall there be,
But wide apartments order'd fair
And redolent of purity.

With three compartments furnished well,
The house shall be a home complete ;
Wherein, should circumstance rebel,
The humble tenant may retreat.

The first a room wherein to deal
With men for human nature's weal,
 A room where he may work or play,
And all his social life reveal
 In its pure texture day by day.

The second, for his wisdom sought,
 Where, with his chosen book or friend,
He may employ his active thought
 To virtuous and exalted end.
A chamber lofty and serene,
With a door-window to the green,
 Smooth-shaven sward and arching bowers,
Where lore or talk or song between,
 May gild his intellectual hours.

The third an oratory dim,
 But beautiful, where he may raise,
Unheard of men, his daily hymn,
 Of love and gratitude and praise.
Where he may revel in the light
Of things unseen and infinite,
 And learn how little he may be,
And yet how awful in thy sight,
 Ineffable Eternity !

Such is the house that I must build —
 This is the cottage — this the dome, —
And this the palace, treasure-fill'd
 For an immortal's earthly home.

Oh noble work of toil and care !

Oh task most difficult and rare !

Oh simple but most arduous plan !

To raise a dwelling-place so fair,

The sanctuary of a Man.

THE DIONYSIA : OR FESTIVALS OF BACCHUS.

'The Lantern of Diogenes — probably a corruption of "*Dionysia*," is one of the most celebrated and the most beautiful of the ruins of ancient Athens. The Choragi to whom such monuments were dedicated, and perhaps by whom also they were erected, were persons chosen by the Athenian citizens to preside at, and defray the cost of the singers, dancers, and musicians, employed to celebrate the Dionysia, or festivals of Bacchus. On these occasions tragedies and comedies were exhibited in the theatre, and hymns in honor of Bacchus, accompanied by the flute, were chanted in the Odeum.'

My fancy travelled back three thousand years
To find the meaning of the ancient days,
And disencumber their simplicity
From the corruptions of a later time.
I fashioned in my mind, the god-like shape
Of Dionysius, mighty conqueror,
Who taught the early nations how to live :
No vulgar Bacchus straddling on a cask
Drunken and bestial, but a king of men ;
Noble in intellect, and fair in form,
With ivy and with budding violets crowned,
And bearing on his cheerful face, the glow
Of kindly wisdom and perpetual youth.
So to my thought appeared the demi-god ;
The same that taught the ignorant hinds of Greece
To plough the soil, and reap the annual corn,

That taught the grateful villagers to press
 The grape and apple for refreshing drink,
 To clip the goat, and shear the sheep for wool,
 To draw from willing Earth its constant stores
 Of blessings, and be thankful for the gifts,
 Proving their thankfulness by temperate use :
 The same that swept his armies o'er the East
 And conquered India — mightiest name maligned —
 Philosopher and Hero. Once his praise
 Resounded o'er the smiling vales of Greece,
 And youths and maidens came from all the bowers
 To chant loud hymns in honor of his name ;
 And Athens, ere she rotted to her fall
 With luxury, lasciviousness and sloth,
 Vied with all Greece to celebrate his feasts
 With greatest pomp of high solemnity.

Come from your graves, ideas of the past !
 And live again in song. The Athenian streets
 Teem with a multitude of young and old,
 The Archons, and the people, and the priests,
 To celebrate the Dionysian rites,
 With dance, and song, and joyous revelry.
 A troop of youths come first, who with them bear
 Two sacred vessels. One is filled with wine,
 And one with water : holiest the last,
 For water is the mother of the vine,
 The nurse and fountain of fecundity,
 The adorning and refresher of the world.
 Then come a hundred virgins — flower of Greece —
 Clad in white robes, with ivy in their hair,
 Who carry baskets filled with choicest fruits,
 With apples and pomegranates, figs and grapes,

Amid which twine and slide small silvery snakes,
To teach the people, by a parable,
There dwells a poisonous serpent in excess.
The thyrsus-bearers follow in a rout,
With drums, and pastoral pipes, and mellow flutes.
Amid the crowd they scatter cones of pine,
As emblems of the fruitfulness of Earth;
And sing, full-voiced, the Dionysian hymn.

Io ! Io ! Evohé !

Let the dance and song abound :
The corn is springing from the ground,
The vine puts forth its tender leaves,
The swallow builds in barns and eaves,

Io ! Bacché ! Evohé !

There shall be bread for all the year,
And wine the heart of man to cheer —

Io ! Io ! Evohé !

Io ! Io ! Evohé !

For these bounties — ever free —
Ever grateful let us be,
And use them wisely, day and night,
For health, and strength, and pure delight.

Io ! Bacché ! Evohé !

God of the water and the wine,
The blessing's ours, the praise is thine.

Io ! Io ! Evohé !

The chorus passes ; and another crowd
Follow with other rites, and other songs.

Lo ! mounted on an ass, Silenus rides,
 Obese and drunken, crowned with happy flowers,
 And reeling as he sits. Around him throng
 The crowd of men and women, shouting forth
 Their gibes and jests, their laughter and their scorn.
 Wise are the people, even in rites like these.
 Each ceremony, frantic or grotesque,
 Has its own meaning, and subserves an end.
 Great Dionysius teaches evermore
 The principles of use, and temperate joy.
 But as the will is weak when pleasure goads
 To overstep the wholesome boundaries
 That separate enjoyment from abuse,
 Silenus ever follows in his train,
 The type of gluttony, excess, and lust.
 Him all the people point at as he goes,
 Half falling from his ass with idiot stare,
 And mock him with their fingers and their songs.

Dirty Silenus ! god of swine,
 Drunken on the lees of wine ;
 Mad Silenus, old and fat,
 Round and ponderous as a vat,
 Youth and Beauty gaze on thee,
 Warned by thy deformity.

Foolish god, that hast grown old
 Ere thy middle life is told ;
 Bald, and blear, and weak, and dull,
 Ere thy growth has reached its full ;
 Mad Silenus ! god of swine,
 Drunken on the lees of wine.

NOON-TIME IN THE SHADE.

FAR away — oh far away
From cities all this summer-day,
On the fresh grass beneath the trees,
Lulled by the voice of birds and bees,
And music of the boughs above,
We'll sit and sing, and read of love,
And quite forget — so happy, then —
The tramp and crash of living men.

Far away — oh far away —
We will be selfish for a day,
And flying from incessant strife,
Live with the leaves a careless life;
One day — it is not much to crave,
Out of the ocean, one small wave
On which to float, nor seek to know
How the incessant world may go.

Far away — oh far away —
I will sing my love a lay;
And she shall sit among the flowers,
And hear of ancient troubadours.

And if it please my fancy well,
My passion in disguise to tell,
I'll woo my lady in a song,
And she shall blush nor think me wrong.

Far away — oh far away —
We will be happy while we may ;
And when my song has done its part,
To wake emotions in her heart,
I'll beg her with my best of smiles
To read some tale of lovers' wiles —
Some lay or legend of romance
Of Spain, or Italy, or France.

Far away — oh far away —
To joy our cloudland we will stray,
We will be idle — will not work
To please or Kaiser, Pope or Turk ;
But lying on luxurious grass,
Catch the rose-odors as they pass,
Nor take one thought of men or sorrow,
Or the dawning of to-morrow.

Far away — oh far away —
Thankful for a summer-day ;
We will enjoy it like the leaves,
Or ripening corn that never grieves,
Or mellowing fruit upon the bough,
That blushes thanks for sunshine now ;
Or lark that sings in heaven's blue cope —
A thing too happy ev'n to hope.

Far way — oh far away —
We'll make a gem of Time to-day;
And should the future need the spark,
We'll draw the jewel from the dark —
Of all our jewels prized the best,
And wear it upon Memory's breast,
To show, whatever Fate contrives,
We once were happy in our lives.

THE CABARET IN THE PYRENEES.

THE TRAVELLER'S TALE.

OF what shall travellers talk on rainy days ?
Of rain and snow ? the sunshine and the storm ?
Of Politics ? Religion ? Scandal ? Shop ?
Or personal anecdote ? The weather ? No ;—
The topic is full stale. Of politics ?
'Tis dangerous ground. Of creed ? More dangerous
still.

Of scandal ? Heaven forefend ! Or of the shop ?
I prithee let us leave the shop alone !
Of personal anecdote ? Why, what is that
But the old scandal in a new disguise !
What shall we talk of then ? I know not well,
Unless you'll hear a mournful thing that chanced
Here in the Pyrenees, two years ago.
I parted from the heroes of the tale,
Two friends and comrades, in this very room,
And little thought, amid their merriment,
Their lusty health and joyous hopefulness,
How soon the end would come. This cabaret

Resounding now with laughter, jest and talk,
Seems no fit scene to lodge a tragedy.
Yet so it was : — but let me tell the tale.

'Twas in September, just two years ago,
That Vere and Huntley, youths scarce twenty-one,
And fresh from Cambridge, on their way to Spain
Stopped in the Pyrenees. They did not hunt,
Or shoot, or angle, or delight in sport,
But seemed to glory in ascending hills,
Scaling high rocks and tracking waterfalls.
They loved the rude and dizzy mountain-top,
And all the splendor of its wildest scenes.
Vere had a poet's eye and painter's hand,
And Huntley, though no poet, stored his mind
With images of beauty : — both would walk
Three leagues ere breakfast to a precipice,
To see the sunrise in its majesty ;
Ever on foot, and ever full of joy.
Their cheeks were tanned in the healthy open air ;
Their limbs were vigorous, their hearts were light,
Their talk was cheerful as the song of birds,
And when they laughed the clear loud volleys rang
With such contagious music, that I've laughed
For very sympathy, yet knew not why.

It was a lovely morning, crisp and fresh,
When they invited me to share their walk,
And trace a mountain-torrent to its source.
They had no object but the exercise,
And search for natural beauty, ever new.
But I had promised Jean Baptiste, the guide,

To hunt the chamois with him, and I longed
For my own sport, more hazardous than theirs,
And more congenial to my ruder tastes.
And so we parted. 'We'll be back,' said Vere,
'At six, to dinner in the Cabaret:
Wilt thou dine with us, Nimrod of the hills?' —
— 'With all my heart!' and so we went our ways,
And far adown the valley I could hear
Their jocund voices singing English songs,
And catch amid the pauses of the tune
The echoes of their laughter on the wind.

I had good sport upon the hills that day.
When I returned, I noticed as I came
A crowd of peasants standing at the door;
Here was a group of women, — there of men;
And all discussing something that had chanced,
With quick gesticulation, and confused
And broken sentences: — some raised their hands,
Looked up to heaven, and shook their heads and sighed.
While twenty voices speaking all at once,
Told the same story twenty different ways.
'Here comes the other Englishman,' said one:
'There's a sad sight within!' 'Aye! sad indeed!'
Replied another. Quickly passing through,
I forced my way into the inner room,
And there beheld poor Huntley on the bed
With Vere beside him, kneeling on the ground,
Clasping his hands, and burying his face
Between them, and the body of his friend.
In all the beauty and the pride of youth,
Huntley went forth at morning, and ere night

He lay a corpse : — an awful loveliness
Sat on his clay-cold form ; so calm he lay
Amid the hurry and anxiety
And deep distress and pitying words and groans
Of those around — it seemed as hé alone
Of all that crowd were happy. He was dead,
But how he died, 'twas long ere I could learn
From the survivor, who with senseless words
And sobs, and groans, and prayers to Heaven for help,
Broke off continually what he began.
I learned it afterwards when he grew calm,
And loved him ever since. They'd track'd the stream
From morn till noon, discovering as they went,
New beauties, grandeurs and sublimities
At every step. Right well in all her moods,
Those friends congenial loved dear Nature's face.
'Twas now the torrent with its burst and fall,
That charmed their sight ; now, 'twas th' umbrageous
arch
Of trees, high-perched on the o'erhanging rock ;
Then 't was the rock itself, with lichens grown,
And pine, and larch ; — and then it was a glimpse
Betwixt the crags into a world beneath,
Stretching in loveliness of cultured plains,
Studded with farms and clustering villages
That filled them with delight ; — and so they clomb
From crag to crag, and conquered as they went
More perils than they knew : lured ever on
By novelty of beauty and the heat
Of young adventure ; but they clomb too well.
Vere took an upward track, and scaled the crag,
While Huntley, travelling lower, reached a ledge,

He knew not how — where — pausing on the brink
With scarcely room enough to lodge his heel,
He could not stand with safety — or descend
Without the risk of falling from the height,
An hundred feet into a chasm below,
Where boiled the angry flood o'er jutting rocks.
Ten feet above him in security
Stood Vere — alarmed, — but how to reach his friend
Seemed to defy all knowledge to discern,
Or known, his utmost daring to attempt.
To mount seemed easier than to clamber down;
And he was growing dizzy where he stood.
Vere stretched himself upon the beetling edge
Of the tall precipice, and held his hand
Toward his friend, in hope, if hands could meet,
He might, by help of some projecting root,
Some angle of the rock, a tufted herb,
Hoist him in safety; but the attempt was vain.
Their hands, by utmost stress of yearning grasp
Could reach no nearer than a long arm's length;
So Vere bethought him of his walking-stick,
An old companion of his mountain walks,
And stretched the handle to his eager friend,
That he might grasp it with his strong right hand,
And with the left spring upward to the root,
Twisted and sinuous, of a mountain ash
That nodded o'er the stream; and by this aid
Attain the safe high platform of the rock.
He caught the friendly aid; but as he grasped,
He felt it lengthening — lengthening — in his hand;
And his eyes swam in horror, as he saw
The handle separating from the stick,

Leaving a scabbard in the hand of Vere,
And sword in his. Vere shrieked in agony :
He had forgotten. Huntley groaned but once —
Cried to his God for mercy on his soul,
And lost his footing. Down amid the rocks
He fell — and fell again, and all was o'er.

When Vere descended by the usual path
And found his friend, the breath of life had fled ;
The skull was fractured, but his face unhurt,
Seemed as he slumbered, while his stiff cold hand
Still held the fatal sword-stick in its grasp.
They brought the body to the Cabaret,
And on the third day laid him in his grave.
I thought, at times, two other deaths would fill
The awful measure of this tragedy.
That Vere's remorse, contrition, and despair,
At his unhappy, but most innocent act,
Would end his days. Yet though his grief was great,
'Twas nothing to the misery I saw
When Huntley's mother, young and beautiful,
Although her son was twenty years of age,
Hastened from London to behold the grave
Where they had lain her darling. Let me close
This sad recital : — language fails to tell
The holy madness of a grief like hers.

THE ASTRONOMER.

UPON thy lofty tower,
O lonely sage,
Reading at midnight hour
Heaven's awful page.
Thine art can poise the sun
In balance true,
And countless worlds that run
Beyond our view.
Thou scannest with clear eyes
The azure cope ;
To thee the galaxies
Their secrets ope ;
Thou know'st the track sublime
Of every star ;
Space infinite, and Time,
Thy problems are.
O sage, whose mental span
Thus grasps the sky,
How great the soul of man,
That soars so high !

But yet thou canst not guess,
With all thy skill,
What seas of happiness
My bosom fill.
Thou canst not track the woe,
The hope, the faith,
That prompt the ebb and flow
Of my poor breath.
Outspeeding with thy thought
The solar ray,
Thou canst not, knowledge-fraught,
Discern my way.
My love — its depth and height,
Thou canst not sound ;
Nor of my guilt's dark night
Pierce the profound.
O student of the sky,
My pride departs ;
Worlds undiscover'd lie
In both our hearts.

THE LOST DAY.

FAREWELL, O day misspent !
Thy fleeting hours were lent
In vain to my endeavor.

In shade and sun
Thy race is run
For ever ! oh, for ever !
The leaf drops from the tree,
The sand falls in the glass,
And to the dread Eternity
The dying minutes pass.

It was not till thine end
I knew thou wert my friend.
But now, thy worth recalling,
My grief is strong —
I did thee wrong,
And scorn'd thy treasures falling.
But sorrow comes too late ;
Another day is born.
Pass, minutes, pass ; may better fate
Attend to-morrow morn.

Oh birth, oh death of Time !
Oh mystery sublime !
 Ever the rippling ocean
 Brings forth the wave
 To smile or rave,
 And die of its own motion.
A little wave to strike
 The sad responsive shore,
And be succeeded by its like
 Ever and evermore.

A change from same to same —
A quenched, yet burning flame —
 A new birth, born of dying —
 A transient ray,
 A speck of day,
 Approaching, and yet flying —
Pass to Eternity.
 O day, that came in vain !
A new wave surges on the sea —
 The world grows young again.

Come in, To-Day, come in !
I have confess'd my sin
 To thee, young promise-bearer !
 New Lord of Earth !
 I hail thy birth —
 The crown awaits the wearer.
Child of the ages past !
 Sire of a mightier line !
On the same deeps our lot is cast :
 The world is thine — and mine !

TEARS.

O YE tears ! O ye tears ! that have long refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart, thawing, thawing, like
the snow ;

I feel the hard clod soften, and the early snow-drops
spring,
And the healing fountains gush, and the wildernesses
sing.

O ye tears ! O ye tears ! I am thankful that ye run ;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glisten in
the sun.

The rainbow cannot shine, if the drops refuse to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep, are the saddest eyes
of all.

O ye tears ! O ye tears ! till I felt ye on my cheek,
I was selfish in my sorrow ; I was stubborn, I was
weak.

Ye have giv'n me strength to conquer, and I stand
erect and free,
And know that I am human, by the light of sympathy.

O ye tears ! O ye tears ! ye relieve me of my pain ;
The barren rock of Pride has been stricken once again :
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning
 sand,
It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the
 land.

There is light upon my path ! there is sunshine in my
 heart !
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long
 ago —
O ye tears ! happy tears ! I am thankful that ye flow !

LITTLE AT FIRST—BUT GREAT AT LAST.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs :
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore ;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore !

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn ;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink —
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judg'd that toil might drink.

He pass'd again — and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside !

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought ;
'Twas old, and yet was new —
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true ;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small — its issue great :
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still !

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied, from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown —
A transitory breath —
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last !

HAPPY LOVE.

SINCE the sweet knowledge I possess
That she I love is mine,
All Nature throbs with happiness,
And wears a face divine.
The woods seem greener than they were,
The skies are brighter blue ;
The stars shine clearer, and the air
Lets finer sunlight through.
Until I loved I was a child,
And sported on the sands ;
But now the ocean opens out,
With all its happy lands.

The circles of my sympathy
Extend from earth to heaven :
I strove to pierce a mystery,
And lo ! the clue is given.
The woods, with all their boughs and leaves,
Are preachers of delight,
And wandering clouds in summer eves
Are Edens to my sight.

My confidants and comforters
Are river, hill, and grove,
And sun, and stars, and heaven's blue deeps,
And all that live and move.

O friendly hills ! O garrulous woods !
O sympathizing air !
O many-voicëd solitudes !
I know my love is fair.
I know that she is fair and true,
And that from her you've caught
The changeful glories ever new
That robe you in my thought.
Grief, from the armor of my heart,
Rolls off like rustling rain :
'Tis life to love ; but double life
To be beloved again.

UNHAPPY LOVE.

OH ye are dull, ye skies,
A gloom hath o'er you roll'd,
A sorrow on me lies
Too mighty to be told ;
The glory of Nature dies,
And all her heart is cold.

He whom I love is false ;
The sweetest vow he swore,
His changeful mind recalls
Never, oh nevermore ;
Day darkens, and life palls,
And sickens at its core.

His love's last flickering gleam
In his cold heart has died ;
' But yet, if I could deem
My passion satisfied,
With friendship and esteem,
He'd give me both,' he cried.

Friendship ! 'twixt him and me !
It cannot flourish long.
I pass its death's decree ;
In all life's pulses strong,
Protest in agony
Against the bitter wrong.

I feel its end draw near,
I know the coming fate,
I will not shed a tear
Though crushed and desolate ;
But for his friendship swear,
My fierce, undying Hate.

Yes ! Hate as strong and true
As was the love I bore,
Hate, in my thought still new,
Shall flourish evermore ;
Shall haunt him and pursue,
And shadow him o'er and o'er.

Hate ! bitter Hate ! alas !
What is such Hate to me ?
Were He but kind, I'd pass
From Hate to Ecstasy,
And love him — oh, my soul !
To Love's Eternity.

More than my tongue could tell,
More than my pen could write

Or fancy syllable —

Love true — Love infinite !

Kind Heaven ! my soul is dark !

Oh lead me to the light.

NAPOLEON AND THE SPHYNX.

I.

BENEATH him stretched the sands
Of Egypt's burning lands,
The desert panted to the swelt'ring ray ;
The camel's plashing feet,
With slow, uneasy beat,
Threw up the scorching dust like arrowy spray,
And fierce the sunlight glowed,
As young Napoleon rode
Around the Gallic camp, companionless that day.

II.

High thoughts were in his mind,
Unspoken to his kind ;
Calm was his face — his eyes were blank and chill ;
His thin lips were compress'd :
The secrets of his breast
Those portals never pass'd, for good or ill ;
And dreaded — yet adored —
His hand upon his sword,
He mused on Destiny, to shape it to his will.

III.

' Ye haughty Pyramids !
 Thou Sphinx ! whose eyeless lids
 On my presumptuous youth seem bent in scorn,
 What though thou hast stood
 Coëval with the flood —
 Of all earth's monuments the earliest born ;
 And I so mean and small,
 With armies at my call,
 Am recent in thy sight as grass of yester-morn ! '

IV.

' Yet in this soul of mine
 Is strength as great as thine,
 O dull-eyed Sphinx that wouldst despise me now ;
 Is grandeur like thine own,
 O melancholy stone,
 With forty centuries furrow'd on thy brow :
 Deep in my heart I feel
 What time shall yet reveal,
 That I shall tower o'er men, as o'er these deserts thou.

V.

' I shall upbuild a name
 Of never-dying fame,
 My deeds shall fill the world with their renown :
 To all succeeding years,
 The populous hemispheres
 Shall pass the record of my glories down ;
 And nations yet to be,
 Surging from Time's deep sea,
 Shall teach their babes the name of great Napoleon.

VI.

‘ On History’s deathless page,
From wondering age to age,
New light and reverence o’er that name shall glow.
My deeds already done,
Are histories begun,
Whose great conclusion centuries shall not know.
O melancholy Sphynx !
Present with Future links,
And both shall yet be mine. I feel it as I go !’

VII.

Over the mighty chief
There came a shadow of grief.
The lips gigantic seemed to move and say,
‘ Know’st thou his name that bid
Arise yon Pyramid ?
Know’st thou who placed me where I stand to-day ?
Thy deeds are but as sand,
Strewn on the heedless land :
Think, little mortal, think ! and pass upon thy way !

VIII.

‘ Pass, little mortal, pass !
Grow like the vernal grass —
The autumn sickle shall destroy thy prime.
Bid nations shout the word
Which ne’er before they heard,
The name of Glory, fearful yet sublime.
The Pharaohs are forgot,
Their works confess them not :
Pass, Hero ! pass ! poor straw upon the gulf of Time.’

A REVERIE IN THE GRASS.

HERE let me rest, amid the bearded grass,
Sprinkled with buttercups ; and idly pass
One hour of sunshine on the green hill slope :
Watching the rigid clouds, that o'er the cope
Of visible heaven sail quietly along ;
Listening the wind, or rustling leaves, or song
Of blackbird, or sweet ringdove in the copse
Of pines and sycamores, whose dark green tops
Form a clear outline right against the blue : —
Here let me lie and dream : losing from view
All vex'd and worldly things ; and for one hour
Living such life as green leaf in a bower
Might live ; breathing the calm pure air,
Heedless of hope, or fear, or joy, or care.

Oh, it is pleasant in this summer time
To sit alone, and meditate or rhyme :
To hear the bee plying his busy trade,
Or grasshopper alert in sun and shade,
With bright large eyes and ample forehead bald,
Clad in cuirass and cuishes emerald.
Here let me rest, and for a little space
Shut out the world from my abiding place ;

Seeing around me nought but grass and bent,
Nothing above me but the firmament;
For such my pleasure, that in solitude
Over my seething fancies I may brood,
Encrucibled and moulded as I list,
And I, expectant as an alchymist.

Oh, beautiful green grass! Earth-covering fair!
What shall be sung of thee, nor bright, nor rare,
Nor highly thought of? Long green grass that waves
By the wayside — over the ancient graves —
Or shoulders of the mountain, looming high —
Or skulls of rocks — bald in their majesty,
Except for thee, that in the crevices
Livest on the nurture of the sun and breeze; —
Adorner of the nude rude breast of hills;
Mantle of meadows; fringe of gushing rills;
Humblest of all the humble: — Thou shalt be,
If to none else, exalted unto me,
And for a time, a type of Joy on Earth —
Joy unobtrusive, of perennial birth,
Common as light and air, and warmth and rain,
And all the daily blessings that in vain
Woo us to gratitude: the earliest born
Of all the juicy verdures that adorn
The fruitful bosom of the kindly soil;
Pleasant to eyes that ache, and limbs that toil.

Lo! as I muse, I see the bristling spears
Of thy seed-bearing stalks, with some, thy peers,
Lift o'er their fellows — nodding to and fro
Their lofty foreheads as the wild winds blow.

And think thy swarming multitudes a host
Drawn up embattled on their native coast,
And officer'd for war : — the spearmen free
Raising their weapons, and the martial bee
Blowing his clarion — while some poppy tall
Displays the blood-red banner over all.

Pleased with the thought, I nurse it for awhile ;
And then dismiss it with a faint half smile :
And next I fancy thee a multitude,
Moved by one breath — obedient to the mood
Of one strong thinker — the resistless wind,
That passing o'er thee bends thee to its mind.
See how thy blades, in myriads as they grow,
Turn ever eastward as the west winds blow ;
Just as the human crowd is sway'd and bent,
By some great preacher, madly eloquent,
Who moves them at his will, and with a breath
Gives them their bias both in life and death.
Or by some wondrous actor, when he draws
All eyes and hearts, amid a hush'd applause
Not to be utter'd lest delight be marr'd ;
Or, greater still, by hymn of prophet-bard,
Who moulds the lazy present by his rhyme,
And sings the glories of a future time.

And ye are happy, green leaves, every one,
Spread in your countless thousands to the sun,
Unlike mankind, no solitary blade
Of all your verdure ever disobey'd
The law of nature : every stalk that lifts
Its head above the mould, enjoys the gifts

Of liberal heaven — the rain, the dew, the light,
And points, though humbly, to the Infinite ;
And every leaf, a populous world, maintains
Invisible nations on its wide-stretch'd plains.
So great is littleness ! the mind at fault
Betwixt the peopled leaf and starry vault,
Doubts which is grandest, and with holy awe
Adores the God who made them, and whose law
Upholds them in Eternity or Time,
Greatest and least, ineffably sublime.

THE EARTH AND THE STARS.

SAID the Earth to the Stars, 'Oh my sisters,
Fellow-travellers through this dread immensity,
Send a voice to my spirit and declare,
If, serenely as ye smile on me, and fair,
Ye are dwellings for all miseries, like me ?

'Oh tell me if in you, my glorious sisters,
Rules a tyrant like the one enthronèd here ?
If death has ever enter'd in your climes,
And Suffering, and Calamity, and Crimes
Ever rob you of the children that you rear ?

'Oh tell me if in you, my myriad sisters,
The weak are ever trampled by the strong ?
If Malice, and Intolerance, and Hate,
And Warfare, and Ambition to be great,
Ever cause the Right to suffer from the Wrong ?

'Oh tell me, silent sisters, are ye happy ?
Are the multitudes that live beneath your skies,
Full of knowledge, unaccursed by such a ban
As man has ever issued against man ;
Are they happy, are they loving, are they wise ?'

Said the Stars to the Earth — ‘ Oh mournful sister,
Rolling calmly through the calm infinity,
We have roll’d for countless ages on our track,
Ever onward — pressing onward — never back ; —
There is progress both for us and for thee.

‘ Thou wilt make, oh thou foolish little sister,
The full cycle of thy glory, in thy time ; —
We are rolling on in ours for evermore ; —
Look not backward — see Eternity before,
And free thyself of Sorrow and of Crime.

‘ God who made thee, never meant thee, mournful sister,
To be fill’d with sin and grief eternally ;
And the children that are born upon thy breast
Shall, in fulness of their Destiny, be blest : —
There is Progress for the Stars and for Thee.’

THE YOUNG EARTH.

'The earth gives signs of age, disease, and fickleness. It yields its increase grudgingly, and demands an exorbitant fee beforehand, in toil and sweat from the husbandman. It has ill turns, or paroxysms, when it rouses the ocean into a tempest, and makes sport of navies, strewing the shore with the wrecks and carcasses of men. It rocks a continent or sinks an island; shaking massive cities into countless fragments, and burying its wretched inhabitants in indiscriminate ruin; anon it writhes and groans in mortal agony, and finds relief only by disgorging its fiery bowels, burying cities and villages in burning graves. THE EARTH IS OLD AND FEEBLE, and must needs groan on until it renews its prime.' — *Miseries and Liabilities of the present Life.*

OLD EARTH? YOUNG EARTH!—though myriad years,
Since Time's primeval morn,
She may have bloom'd amid the spheres
Before a man was born.

Still young; though race succeeding race
Have trod her breast sublime,
And flourish'd in their pride of place
Their full allotted time, —

Then pass'd away, like daily things,
Nor left a trace behind
To tell how many thousand Springs
They lived before mankind.

We, who for threescore years and ten
Toil deathwards from our birth,
Deem sixty centuries of men
A ripe old age for Earth.

But all our deeds, though back we look
With yearning keen and fond,
Fill but a page : the mighty book
Lies fathomless beyond.

She is not old, or waxing cold,
But vigorous as of yore
When 'mid her kindred globes she roll'd,
Exulting evermore.

Six thousand years of human strife
Are little in the sum ;
A morning added to her life,
And noonday yet to come.

Six thousand years ! — what have *they* brought,
O poor ephemeral man ?
Go, reckon centuries by thought,
Thou'lt find them but a span.

Go, reckon time by progress made,
And lo, what ages pass,
Swift as the transitory shade
Of clouds upon the grass.

Six thousand years ! and what are they ?
A cycle scarce begun ;

The fragment of a grander day
Unmeasured by the sun ;

Too short to purify the sight
Of souls in Error blind —
Too short to show the healing light
Of Love to all mankind.

For lo ! the lesson has been read
In every clime and tongue ;
The Sea has breathed it from her bed,
And Earth and Air have sung.

The Sun has beam'd it from above
To all his worlds around ;
The Stars have preached that God is Love :
But answer never found.

The generations, cold and dark,
Have lived and pass'd away,
And never caught the faintest spark
Of Love's eternal ray.

The myriads, seeking to create
An idol to adore,
Have made their God a God of Hate,
And worshipp'd him with gore.

And living multitudes have heard
That Love is Nature's plan ;
Yet shut their souls against the Word
That teaches love to man.

But there is progress in the spheres,
The glorious Earth is young ;
The seed has lain six thousand years,
The tender shoots have sprung.

She is not old, but young and fair ;
And marching to her prime,
Her teeming bosom yet shall bear
The harvest of her time.

And generations — thought-endued,
Each wiser than the last,
Shall crowd, in one short year, the good
Of centuries of the past ; —

Shall, living, aid by loving deeds
The truth for which we pine,
And, dying, sow the fruitful seeds
Of Progress more divine.

The struggle long and sorely fought
Embitter'd as it spread
For simplest rights — free hand, free thought,
And sustenance of bread :

The struggle of the righteous weak
Against th' unrighteous strong —
Of Justice firm, though mild and meek,
Against oppressive Wrong —

Draws in, and must be ended yet —
It ripens to its hour :

The mighty combatants have met ;
And Truth has challenged Power.

Young Earth ! — her sad six thousand years
Now passing swift away,
Are but her infancy of tears —
The dawn before the day.

A PLEA FOR THE LIVING.

Who knows how many a potentate of mind
Has lived a stranger on the callous earth,
Nor left a name or memory behind? —

How many an art has perish'd in its birth,
That might have changed the fortunes of mankind,
And re-imparadised us? Who shall tell
All we have lost? What bliss ineffable

Has shone before us — we remaining blind,
Or hostile and indifferent to the light?

Who tell what thoughts, that might have stirr'd the
zones,

Have died unheard, because we deem'd it right
To raise great cenotaphs o'er dead men's bones,
And starve the quick? or what millennia bright,
Our studied scorn of living worth postpones?

FREEDOM AND LAW.

WILDEST wind that shakes the blossoms,
Or on ocean chafes and swells,
Blows not uncontroll'd and wanton,
But as LAW compels.

Streams that wander and meander,
Loitering in the meads to play,
Or that burst in roaring torrents
Into foam and spray.

Avalanches, forest-crushing,
Fires that rage in Etna's breast,
Lava-floods and tides of ocean,
All obey the same behest.

Law releases, Law restrains them :—
Lo ! the Moon, her forehead bent
Earthward, makes her revolution,
Docile, beauteous, and content.

Lo ! the Earth, her mighty mistress,
In her own appointed place,

Yields, like her, sublime obedience
To the Law that governs space.

And the godlike Sun, exhaling
Light and Life from every pore,
On his axis, law-directed,
Wheels majestic evermore ;

Bearing with him to Orion
All the worlds that round him shine,
To complete the awful cycle
Of a destiny divine.

While the Stars and Constellations,
Glowing in eternal light,
Teach the Majesty of Order,
And that LAW is Infinite.

Is the immortal spirit freer,
Mated with its mortal clod ?
Lo ! it soars, and, faith-supported,
Claims affinity with God.

Proudly it disdains the shackles
Of the frame to which it clings,
And would fly to heights celestial
Upon Love's angelic wings.

But the hand of LAW restrains it ;
Narrow is the widest span,
Measured by the deeds or efforts
Of the aspiring soul of man.

Like the imprison'd lark, that carols
To salute the dawning day,
It can see the sky, and gather
Hope and rapture from its ray.

It can see the waving branches
Of its long-lost happy bowers,
It can feel the heavenly breezes,
And the scent of meadow flowers.

But if it would strive to reach them,
It is doom'd to fruitless pain,
And with bleeding bosom struggles
At its prison-doors in vain.

If the mind be less entammel'd,
And is freed from sensual bound ;
Still the LAW restrains and moulds it,
And attracts it to the ground.

Like the young rejoicing Eaglet,
Knowing nought of gyves and bars,
It may imp its virgin pinions
By a flight towards the stars ; —

High above the sterile Andes,
Or the Himalayan snow,
Breasting ether, robed in sunlight,
Unimpeded it may go.

But a Law has placed its limits,
And to pass them should it dare,

Numbness falls upon its pinions,
Death o'ercanopies the air.

Such thy fate, terrestrial spirit ;—
Such thy freedom ;—thou may'st soar
To the empyrean summits,
Where no mortal breathed before.

But Infinitude surrounds thee ;
Nature stays thee in thy flight ;
Thou must turn thee, or be stricken
Powerless on thy topmost height.

Thou must travel lower, lower,—
Nearer to the earthly mould—
Safer for thee—there to fashion
New ideas out of old.

There to judge of the unfathom'd
By the things within thy ken,
Of the ways of God Eternal
By the futile ways of men.

Yet, oh soul ! there's FREEDOM for thee ;
Thou may'st win it ;—not below ;—
Not on earth with mortal vesture,
Where to love, to feel, to know,

Is to suffer ; but unfetter'd,
Thou may'st spring to riper life,
Purified from Hate and Evil,
And Mortality and Strife.

Death is gaoler ; he'll release thee ;
Through his portals thou shalt see
The perfection that awaits thee,
If thou'rt worthy to be free.

Be thou meek ; to exaltation —
Death shall give thee wings to soar ;
Loving God, and knowing all things,
Upwards springing evermore.

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

‘Follow your leader!’ So said HOPE,
In the joyous days when I was young.
O’er meadow path, up mountain slope,
Through fragrant woods, I followed and sung;
And aye in the sunny air she smiled,
Bright as the cherub in Paphos born,
And aye my soul with a glance she wiled,
And tinged all earth with the hues of morn.
Long she led me o’er hill and hollow,
Through rivers wide, o’er mountains dun,
Till she soared at last too high to follow,
And singed her pinions in the sun.

‘Follow your leader!’ So said LOVE,
Or a fairy sporting in his guise.
I followed to lift the challenging glove
Of many a maid with tell-tale eyes.
I followed, and dreamed of young delights,
Of passionate kisses, joyous pains,
Of honied words in sleepless nights,
And amorous tear-drops thick as rains.

But, ah ! full soon the frenzy slackened ;
There came a darkness and dimmed the ray,
The passion cooled, the sunshine blackened,
I lost the glory of my day.

‘ Follow your leader ! ’ So said FAME
In the calmer hours of my fruitful noon.
O’er briery paths, through frost, through flame,
By torrent, and swamp, and wild lagoon,
Ever she led me, and ever I went,
With bleeding feet and sun-brown skin,
Eager ever and discontent,
As long as life had a prize to win.
But Dead-Sea apples alone she gave me
To recompense me for my pain,
And still, though her luring hand she wave me,
I may not follow her steps again.

‘ Follow your leader ! ’ So said GOLD,
Ere the brown of my locks gave place to grey.
I could not follow — her looks were cold ;
Icy and brittle was the way.
And GOLD spread forth her wiles in vain,
So taking POWER to aid her spell,
‘ Follow your leaders ! ’ exclaimed the twain,
‘ For where we go shall pleasure dwell.’
I followed, and followed, till age came creeping,
And silvered the hair on my aching head,
And *I* lamented in vigils weeping
A youth misspent, and a prime misled.

'Follow your leader !' — I hear a voice
Whispering to my soul this hour ; —
*'Who follows my light shall for ever rejoice,
Nor crave the perishing arm of Power ;
Who follows my steps shall for ever hold
A blessing purer than earthly Love,
Brighter than Fame, richer than Gold —
So follow my light and look above.'*
*'T is late to turn, but refuse I may not,
My trustful eyes are heavenwards cast,
And ever the sweet voice says, ' Delay not,
I'm thy first leader and thy last.'*

*'T is the friend of my youth come back again,
Sobered and chastened — but lovelier far
Than when in those days of sun and rain
She shone in my path as a guiding star.
She led me then, a wayward boy,
To things of Earth, and never of Heaven,
But now she whispers diviner joy,
Of errors blotted, of sins forgiven.
To a purpling sky she points her finger,
As westward wearily I plod,
And while I follow her steps, I linger
Calm as herself, in the faith of God.*

VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

‘WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.’

‘The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimm’d its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see on the horizon’s verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge.’

‘Look forth again, oh, watcher on the tower—
The people wake, and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know must shine.’

‘I see not well — the morn is cloudy still;
There is a radiance on the distant hill.
Even as I watch, the glory seems to grow;
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow.’

‘And is that all, oh, watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.’

Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?’

‘A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks.’

‘We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!’

‘I see the hill-tops now; and Chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn.’

‘Again — again — oh, watcher on the tower —
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?’

‘I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark — young prophet of the noon —
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.’

‘What doth he say — oh, watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? *Is* his chant sublime,
Fill’d with the glories of the Future time?’

‘He prophesies; — his heart is full; — his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day —
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.’

‘We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
And Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?’

‘He sings of Brotherhood, and joy, and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man’s progressive mind
Soar as unfetter’d as its God design’d.’

‘Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it: — tell us, yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?’

‘It breaks — it comes — the misty shadows fly: —
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near.’

CLEAR THE WAY.

MEN of thought ! be up, and stirring
Night and day :
Sow the seed — withdraw the curtain —

CLEAR THE WAY !

Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may !

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow ;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into grey.

Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY !

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day ?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray ?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;

Aid it, paper — aid it, type —
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
 CLEAR THE WAY !

Lo ! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day ;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.

Lo ! the right's about to conquer :
 CLEAR THE WAY !

With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door ;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.

Men of thought and men of action,
 CLEAR THE WAY !

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledg'd stronger ;
The proper impulse has been given ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :

War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger ;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help,
To make his right arm stronger ;
The happier he, the more he has ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Little children shall not toil,
Under, or above, the soil,

In the good time coming ;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
And every one shall read and write ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger ;
'T will be strong enough one day ;—
Wait a little longer.

THE WANTS OF THE PEOPLE.

1846.

WHAT do we want? Our daily bread;
Leave to earn it by our skill:
Leave to labor freely for it,
Leave to buy it where we will:
For 'tis hard upon the many,
Hard — unpitied by the few,
To starve and die for want of work,
Or live, half-starved, with work to do.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Fair reward for labor done;
Daily bread for wives and children;
All our wants are merged in one.
When the fierce fiend, Hunger, grips us,
Evil fancies clog our brains,
Vengeance settles on our hearts,
And Frenzy gallops through our veins.

What do we want? Our daily bread:
Give us that; all else will come;
Self-respect, and self-denial,
And the happiness of home;

Kindly feelings, Education,
Liberty for act and thought;
And surety that, whate'er befall,
Our children shall be fed and taught.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Give us *that* for willing toil;
Make us sharers in the plenty
God has shower'd upon the soil;
And we'll nurse our better natures
With bold hearts and judgment strong,
To do as much as men *can* do
To keep the world from going wrong.

What do we want? Our daily bread,
And trade untrammel'd as the wind;
And from our ranks shall spirits start,
To aid the progress of mankind.
Sages, poets, mechanics;
Mighty thinkers shall arise,
To take their share of loftier work,
And teach, exalt, and civilize.

What do we want? Our daily bread:
Grant it: — make our efforts free;
Let us work, and let us prosper;
You shall prosper more than we;
And the humblest homes of England
Shall, in proper time, give birth
To better men than we have been,
To live upon a better earth.

THE THREE PREACHERS.

THERE are three preachers, ever preaching,
Fill'd with eloquence and power.
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite ;
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill fanatic voice,
And a Bigot's fiery scorn : —
' BACKWARD ! ye presumptuous nations ;
Man to misery is born !
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer —
Born to labor and to pray ;
BACKWARD ! ye presumptuous nations,
Back ! — be humble and obey ! '

The second is a milder preacher ;
Soft he talks, as if he sung ;
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from his tongue.
With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hands :
' STAND YE STILL ! ye restless nations ;
And be happy, all ye lands !

Fate is law, and law is perfect ;
If ye meddle, ye will mar ;
Change is rash, and ever was so :
We are happy as we are.'

Mightier is the younger preacher ;
Genius flashes from his eyes :
And the crowds who hear his voice,
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awed they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall ; —
'FORWARD ! ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all :
Man was made for healthful effort ;
Tyranny has crush'd him long ;
He shall march from good to better,
And do battle with the wrong.

'Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime ;
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure : —
ONWARD ! keep the march of Time.
Onward ! while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right ;
While oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might :
While an error clouds the reason
Of the universal heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part.

‘Lo! the world is rich in blessings —
Earth and Ocean, Flame and Wind,
Have unnumber’d secrets still,
To be ransack’d when you will,
For the service of mankind;
Science is a child as yet,
And her power and scope shall grow,
And her triumphs in the future
Shall diminish toil and woe;
Shall extend the bounds of pleasure
With an ever-widening ken,
And of woods and wildernesses
Make the homes of happy men.

‘ONWARD! — there are ills to conquer,
Daily wickedness is wrought,
Tyranny is swell’d with Pride,
Bigotry is deified,
Error intertwined with Thought,
Vice and Misery ramp and crawl.
Root them out, their day has pass’d:
Goodness is alone immortal;
Evil was not made to last: —
ONWARD! and all Earth shall aid us
Ere our peaceful flag be furl’d.’
And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world.

OLD OPINIONS.

ONCE we thought that Power Eternal
Had decreed the woes of man ;
That the human heart was wicked
Since its pulses first began ;
That the earth was but a prison,
Dark and joyless at the best,
And that men were born for evil,
And imbibed it from the breast ;
That 'twas vain to think of urging
Any earthly progress on.
Old opinions ! rags and tatters !
Get you gone ! get you gone !

Once we thought all human sorrows
Were predestined to endure ;
That, as man had never made them,
Men were impotent to cure ;
That the few were born superior,
Though the many might rebel ; —
Those to sit at Nature's table,
These to pick the crumbs that fell ;

Those to live upon the fatness,
 These the starvings, lank and wan.
Old opinions ! rags and tatters !
Get you gone ! get you gone !

Once we thought that Kings were holy,
 Doing wrong by right divine ;
 That the Church was Lord of Conscience,
 Despot over *Mine* and *Thine* :
 That whatever priests commanded,
 No one could reject and live ;
 And that all who differ'd from them
 It was error to forgive, —
 Right to send to stake or halter
 With eternal malison.
Old opinions ! rags and tatters !
Get you gone ! get you gone !

Once we thought that holy Freedom
 Was a curs'd and tainted thing ;
 Foe of Peace and Law and Virtue ;
 Foe of Magistrate and King ;
 That all vile degraded passion
 Ever follow'd in her path ;
 Lust and Plunder, War and Rapine,
 Tears, and Anarchy, and Wrath ;
 That the angel was a cruel,
 Haughty, blood-stain'd Amazon.
Old opinions ! rags and tatters !
Get you gone ! get you gone !

Once we thought it right to foster
Local jealousies and pride ;
Right to hate another nation
Parted from us by a tide ;
Right to go to war for glory,
Or extension of domain ;
Right, through fear of foreign rivals,
To refuse the needful grain ;
Right to bar it out till Famine
Drew the bolt with fingers wan.
Old opinions ! rags and tatters !
Get you gone ! get you gone !

Once we thought that Education
Was a luxury for the few ;
That to give it to the many
Was to give it scope undue ;
That 't was foolish to imagine
It could be as free as air,
Common as the glorious sunshine
To the child of want and care ;
That the poor man, educated,
Quarrel'd with his toil anon.
Old opinions ! rags and tatters !
Get you gone ! get you gone !

Old opinions, rags and tatters ;
Ye are worn ; — ah, quite threadbare !
We must cast you off for ever ; —
We are wiser than we were :
Never fitting, always cramping,
Letting in the wind and sleet,

Chilling us with rheums and agues,
Or inflaming us with heat.

We have found a mental raiment
Purer, whiter to put on.

Old opinions ! rags and tatters !

Get you gone ! get you gone !

DAILY WORK.

1846.

Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime ;
A soulless slave — a paltry knave —
A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give, that he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No ! Let us work ! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task : —
We have no quarrel with the great ;
No feud with rank — with mill or bank —
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need ;
And can retain, for age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours ;
We know our worth, and weigh our powers ;

The more we work the more we win :

Success to Trade ! Success to Spade !

And to the corn that's coming in !

And joy to him, who o'er his task

Remembers toil is Nature's plan ;

Who, working, thinks—and never sinks

His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,

Enough for competence and health ;

And leisure, when his work is done,

To read his book by chimney nook,

Or stroll at setting of the sun.

Who toils as every man should toil

For fair reward, erect and free :

These are the men—the best of men—

These are the men we mean to be !

TRADE AND SPADE.

BETWEEN two friends in days of old
A bitter strife began,
And Father Spade with Brother Trade
Disputed man to man.
'You're vain, undutiful, and proud,'
Said Spade, with flashing eyes.
'You earn your thousands while I starve ;
You mock my children's cries.
You ride in state with lordly looks ;
You dwell in bower and hall ;
You speak of me reproachfully,
And prosper on my fall.
So from this hour, in shine or shower,
We'll learn to live apart.
I ruled the earth ere you were born —
I cast you from my heart.'

And Trade lost temper in his pride ;
He uttered words of scorn :
'You do not know the ways of men,
Amid your sheep and corn.
You doze away the busy day,
Nor think how minutes run.

Go, put your shoulder to your work,
And do as I have done.
You've all the earth to yield you wealth —
Both corn and pasture land;
I only ask a counting-house,
And room whereon to stand.
And from this hour, in shine or shower,
I'll learn to live alone;
I'll do without you well enough —
The world shall be my own !'

And thus they wrangled night and day,
Unfair, like angry men,
Till things went wrong between them both,
And would not right again.
But growing wiser in distress,
Each grasp'd the other's hand;
' 'Twas wrong,' said Spade, 'to rail at Trade;
He loves me in the land.'
And Trade as freely owned his fault:
'I've been unjust,' he said,
'To quarrel with the good old man,
Who grows my daily bread.
Long may we flourish, Trade and Spade,
In city and in plain !
The people starve while we dispute —
We must not part again.'

And all the people sang for joy,
To see their good accord,
While Spade assembled all his sons
And piled his plenteous board.

He fed them on the best of fare,
Untax'd the foaming ale,
And prayed in England's happy shore
That Trade might never fail.
And busy Trade sent fleets of ships
To every sea and strand,
And built his mills and factories
O'er all the prosperous land.
And so we'll sing God save the Queen!
And long may Brother Spade,
For sake of both the rich and poor,
Unite with Brother Trade.

AN EMIGRANT'S BLESSING.

FAREWELL, England ! blessings on thee,
Stern and niggard as thou art ;
Harshly, Mother, thou hast used me,
And my bread thou hast refused me,
But 't is agony to part.
'T will pass over ; for I would not
Bear again what I could tell ; —
Half the ills that I have suffer'd :
Though I loved thee twice as well.
So — my blessings on thee, England,
And a long and last farewell !

Other regions will provide me
Independence for my age ;
Recompense for hard exertion —
For my children, the reversion
Of a goodly heritage.
England — *this* thou couldst not give me ;
England, pamperer of squires,
Landlord-ridden, pride-encumber'd,
Quencher of the poor man's fires ; —
But, farewell ! My blessing on thee ;
Thou art country of my sires.

Though I love, I'm glad to fly thee ;
Who would live in hopeless toil,
Evil-steep'd and ill-exampled,
Press'd and jostled, crush'd and trampled,
Interloper on the soil —
If there were *one* other country
Where an honest man might go :
Winning cornfields from the forest —
All his own, too — blow by blow ?
Farewell, England — I regret thee,
But my tears refuse to flow.

Haply o'er the southern ocean
I shall do my part, to rear
A new nation, Saxon-blooded,
Which with plenty crown'd and studded,
To its happy children dear,
Shall eclipse thy fame, O England ;
Taught and warn'd alike by thee ; —
Mightier with unshackled commerce,
Mightier in her men more free,
Mightier in her virgin vigor,
And her just equality.

But, farewell ! My blessing on thee ;
Never, till my latest day,
Shall my memory cease to ponder
On thy fate, where'er I wander ; —
Never shall I cease to pray
That the many may be happy ;
That the few their pride may quell ;

That thou may'st in peaceful progress
All thy misery dispel ; —
Queen of nations : once their model —
God be with thee ! Fare-thee-well !

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

Who is it that mourns for the days that are gone,
When a noble could do as he liked with his own ?
When his serfs, with their burdens well fill'd on their
backs,

Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax ?
When his word was a statute, his nod was a law,
And for aught but his ' order ' he cared not a straw ?
When each had his dungeon and rack for the poor,
And a gibbet, to hang a refractory boor ?

They were days when a man with a thought in his pate
Was a man that was born for the popular hate ;
And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,
The man was too vile to be left unconfined ;
The days when obedience, in right or in wrong,
Was always the sermon and always the song ;
When the people, like cattle, were pounded or driven,
And to scourge them was thought a King's license
from heaven.

They were days when the sword settled questions of
right,
And Falsehood was first to monopolize Might ;

When the fighter of battles was always adored,
And the greater the tyrant, the greater the lord;
When the King, who by myriads could number his
 slain,
Was consider'd by far the most worthy to reign;
When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath —
A god in his life, and a saint in his death.

They were days when the headsman was always prepared —
The block ever ready — the axe ever bared;
When a corpse on the gibbet aye swung to and fro,
And the fire at the stake never smoulder'd too low;
When famine and age made a woman a witch,
To be roasted alive, or be drown'd in a ditch;
When difference of creed was the vilest of crime,
And martyrs were burn'd half a score at a time.

They were days when the gallows stood black in the way,
The larger the town, the more plentiful they;
When Law never dream'd it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent;
When Justice herself, taking Law for her guide,
Was never appeased till a victim had died;
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,
Were strung up together — again and again.

They were days when the crowd had no freedom of
 speech,
And reading and writing were out of its reach;
When ignorance, stolid and dense, was its doom,
And bigotry swathed it from cradle to tomb;

But the Present, though clouds o'er her countenance
roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul.
And we are too wise, like the bigots to mourn
For the darkness of days that shall never return.

LET US ALONE.

MANY—and yet our fate is one,
And little after all we crave —
Enjoyment of the common sun,
Fair passage to the common grave ;
Our bread and fire, our plain attire,
The free possession of our own :
Rulers, be wise, and lords and kings,
Let us alone — let us alone.

We have a faith, we have a law ;
A faith in God, a hope in man ;
And own, with reverence and awe,
Love universal as His plan.
To Charity we bow the knee,
The earth's refiner and our own :
Bigots, and fighters about words,
Let us alone — let us alone.

The world is the abode of men,
And not of demons stark and blind ;
And Eden's self might bloom again
If men did justice to mankind.

We want no more of Nature's store
Than Nature meant to be our own :
Masters, and gerents of the earth,
Let us alone — let us alone.

Your meddling brought us grief and care,
And added misery day by day ;
We're not so foolish as we were,
Nor fashioned of such ductile clay ;
Your petty jars, your wicked wars,
Have lost their charm, the gilding's gone :
Victorious marshals, vaulting kings,
Let us alone — let us alone.

Though dwellers in a little isle,
We bear no hate to other lands,
And think that all the earth might smile,
If we and others joined our hands.
In wrong or right, why should we fight ?
We'll war no more — we're wiser grown :
Quibblers, and stirrers up of hate,
Let us alone — let us alone.

White man or black, to us alike ;
Foemen of no men, we will live ;
We will not lift our hands to strike,
Or evil for advantage give.
Our hands are free to earn their fee,
Our tongues to let the truth be known :
So despots, knaves, and foes of right,
Let us alone — let us alone.

Great are our destinies : our task,
Long since begun, shall never end
While suffering has a boon to ask,
Or truth needs spokesmen to defend ;
While vice or crime pollute the time,
While nations bleed, or patriots groan : —
Rulers be wise, and kings and priests,
Let us alone — let us alone.

CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I ;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I ;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I ;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I ;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy.
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness,
Freshening vigor I ;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I ;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I :

Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die ;
Death may come, he 'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
In a daisy I ;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky ;
Nature sings to me for ever,
Earnest listener I ;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change ? — Not I.

THE LITTLE MOLES.

WHEN grasping tyranny offends,
Or angry bigots frown ;
When rulers plot for selfish ends
To keep the people down ;
When statesmen form unholy league
To drive the world to war ;
When knaves in 'palaces intrigue
For ribbons or a star ;
We raise our heads — survey their deeds,
And cheerily reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When canting hypocrites combine
To curb a free man's thought,
And hold all doctrine undivine
That holds their canting naught ;
When round their narrow pale they plod,
And scornfully assume
That all without are cursed of God,
And justify the doom : —
We think of God's eternal love
And strong in hope reply,

*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When greedy authors wield the pen
To please the vulgar town,
Depict great thieves as injured men
And heroes of renown —
Pander to prejudice unclean,
Apologize for crime,
And daub the vices of the mean
With flattery like slime :
For MILTON'S craft — for SHAKSPERE'S tongue
We blush, but yet reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When smug philosophers survey
The various climes of earth,
And mourn, poor sagelings of a day !
Its too prolific birth ;
And prove by figure, rule, and plan,
The large fair world too small
To feed the multitudes of man
That flourish on its ball :
We view the vineyards on the hills,
Or corn-fields waving high ; —
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When men complain of human kind
In misanthropic mood,

And thinking evil things, grow blind
To presence of the good ;
When, walled in prejudices strong,
They urge that evermore
The world is fated to go wrong
For going wrong before :
We feel the truths they cannot feel,
And smile as we reply,
Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.

RAILWAYS.

1846.

‘No poetry in Railways!’ foolish thought
Of a dull brain, to no fine music wrought.
By Mammon dazzled, though the people prize
The gold alone, yet shall not we despise
The triumphs of our time, or fail to see
Of pregnant mind the fruitful progeny
Ushering the daylight of the world’s new morn.
Look up, ye doubters, be no more forlorn!—
Smooth your rough brows, ye little wise : rejoice,
Ye who despond : and with exulting voice
Salute, ye earnest spirits of our time,
The young Improvement ripening to her prime,
Who, in the fulness of her genial youth,
Prepares the way for Liberty and Truth,
And breaks the barriers that, since earth began,
Have made mankind the enemy of man.

Lay down your rails, ye nations, near and far—
Yoke your full trains to Steam’s triumphal car ;
Link town to town ; unite in iron bands
The long-estranged and oft-embattled lands.

Peace, mild-eyed Seraph — Knowledge, light divine,
Shall send their messengers by every line.
Men, joined in amity, shall wonder long
That Hate had power to lead their fathers wrong ;
Or that false Glory lured their hearts astray,
And made it virtuous and sublime to slay.

Blessings on Science ! When the earth seem'd old,
When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold,
'Twas she discover'd that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue :
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old Knowledge pale before the new.

Blessings on Science ! In her dawning hour
Faith knit her brow, alarm'd for ancient power ;
Then look'd again upon her face sincere,
Held out her hand, and hail'd her — Sister dear ;
And Reason, free as eagle on the wind,
Swoop'd o'er the fallow meadows of the mind,
And, clear of vision, saw what seed would grow
On the hill slopes, or in the vales below ;
What in the sunny South, or nipping Nord,
And from her talons dropp'd it as she soar'd.

Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam !
They make Utopia only half a dream ;
And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed, or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.

THE FERMENTATION.

LONELY sitting, deeply musing,
On a still and starry night,
Full of fancies, when my glances
Turn'd upon those far romances
Scatter'd o'er the Infinite ;
On a sudden, broke upon me
Murmurs, rumors, quick and loud,
And, half-waking, I discover'd
An innumerable crowd.

'Mid the uproar of their voices
Scarcely could I hear a word ;
There was rushing, there was crushing,
And a sound like music gushing,
And a roar like forests stirr'd
By a fierce wind passing o'er them : —
And a voice came now and then,
Louder than them all, exclaiming,
'Give us Justice ! we are men !'

And the longer that I listen'd,
More distinctly could I hear,

'Mid the poising of the voicing,
Sounds of sorrow and rejoicing,
 Utterance of Hope and Fear;
And a clash of disputation,
 And of words at random cast —
Truths and Errors intermingling,
 Of the present and the past.

Some were shouting that Oppression
 Held their consciences in thrall;
Some were crying 'Men are dying,
Hunger-smit, and none supplying
 Bread, the birthright of us all.'
Some exclaim'd that Wealth was haughty,
 Harsh, and callous to the poor; —
Others cried, the poor were vicious,
 Idle, thankless, insecure.

Some, with voice of indignation,
 Told the story of their wrongs,
Full of dolor — life-controller —
That for difference of color
 They were sold like cattle throngs.
Others, pallid, weak, and shivering,
 Said that laws were surely bad,
When the willing hand was idle,
 And the cheeks of Toil were sad.

'Give us freedom for the conscience!'
 'Equal Rights!' — 'Unfetter'd Mind!'
'Education!' — 'Compensation!'
'Justice for a mighty nation?'

‘Progress!’ — ‘Peace with all mankind!’
‘Let us labor!’ — ‘Give us churches!’
‘Give us Corn where’er it grow!’
These, and other cries, around me
Surged incessant, loud or low.

Old opinions jarr’d with new ones;
New ones jostled with the old;
In such Babel, few were able
To distinguish truth from fable,
In the tale their neighbors told.
But one voice above all others
Sounded like the voice of ten,
Clear, sonorous, and persuasive: —
‘Give us Justice! we are men!’

And I said, ‘Oh, Sovereign Reason,
Sire of Peace and Liberty!
Aid for ever their endeavor: —
Boldly let them still assever
All the rights they claim in thee.
Aid the mighty Fermentation
Till it purifies at last,
And the Future of the people
Is made brighter than the Past.’

THE POOR MAN'S SUNDAY WALK.

THE morning of our rest has come,
The sun is shining clear ;
I see it on the steeple-top :
Put on your shawl, my dear,
And let us leave the smoky town,
The dense and stagnant lane,
And take our children by the hand
To see the fields again.
I've pined for air the livelong week ;
For the smell of new-mown hay ;
For a pleasant, quiet, country walk,
On a sunny Sabbath day.

Our parish church is cold and damp ;
I need the air and sun ;
We'll sit together on the grass,
And see the children run.
We'll watch them gathering butter-cups,
Or cowslips in the dell,
Or listen to the cheerful sounds
Of the far-off village bell ;
And thank our God with grateful hearts,
Though in the fields we pray ;

And bless the healthful breeze of heaven,
On a sunny Sabbath day.

I'm weary of the stifling room,
Where all the week we're pent ;
Of the alley fill'd with wretched life,
And odors pestilent.
And long once more to see the fields,
And the grazing sheep and beeves ;
To hear the lark amid the clouds,
And the wind among the leaves ;
And all the sounds that glad the air
On green hills far away : —
The sounds that breathe of Peace and Love,
On a sunny Sabbath day.

For somehow, though they call it wrong,
In church I cannot kneel
With half the natural thankfulness
And piety I feel,
When out, on such a day as this,
I lie upon the sod,
And think that every leaf and flower
Is grateful to its God ;
That I, who feel the blessing more,
Should thank him more than they,
That I can elevate my soul
On a sunny Sabbath day.

Put on your shawl, and let us go ; —
For one day let us think

Of something else than daily care,
Or toil, and meat, and drink :
For one day let our children sport
And feel their limbs their own :
For one day let us quite forget
The grief that we have known : —
Let us forget that we are poor ;
And, basking in the ray,
Thank God that we can still enjoy
A sunny Sabbath day.

A CONVICT'S BLESSING.

BLESSINGS on England!—but why should *I* bless her?

I that she tutor'd from bad into worse;—

I that could never, since Reason possess'd me,

Balance my faults by the weight of my purse.

She's a very good land for the man who has money,

But Misery gives her, as *I* do, a curse.

What else should *I* give her? One day, in my boyhood,

I pluck'd from a branch a fair apple, that swung

Tempting and ripe o'er the wall of an orchard,

But, ere the first morsel delighted my tongue,

Was hurried to gaol, where some older offenders

Conceived it their duty to train up the young.

When *I* came out, is it likely that goodness

Brighten'd my face or made warmth in my breast?

Blighted in name, with a mark set upon me,

And vengeance within me to trouble my rest—

I practised their lessons for want of employment,

And lived upon others, and fared on the best.

For three dreary months I was doom'd to the treadmill,
For killing a pheasant one midsummer night;
For six I was shut from all sight of my fellows,
For catching a hare when my pocket was light;
And now I am banish'd for shooting a keeper —
A murder or manslaughter — done in a fight.

Blessings on England ! Perhaps — when she alters,
And ceases to worship a lord, as a lord ;
When the soul of a man is worth more than a partridge,
And labor may see healthy cheeks at its board ;
When her laws are alike for her poor and her wealthy ;
And Justice is not quite so fond of her sword.

Meantime I can give her but that which is in me,
That which will cling to my heart evermore ;
That which so many, heart-broken, have given her,
To rankle and fester, life-deep at her core ;
The curse which she gave me instead of a blessing —
The curse which she brands me with, leaving her
shore.

Had she but taught me in days of my childhood,
The folly of youth had not ripen'd to crime ;
Had she but given me a chance of amendment,
I might have been useful and happy in time ;
Had she not treated the boy like a felon,
The man might have been a good man ere his prime.

But *this* was denied me. So, blessings on England !
Blessings — ay, give them that name if ye will ; —

Such blessings as mine ever turn into curses —

I cannot give good for a life-time of ill.

Blessings on England ! the word may be pleasant ;

But the Curse and the Vengeance shall follow her
still.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

[1ST MARCH, 1846.]

WE make no boast of Waterloo ;
Its name excites no pride in us ;
We have no hatred of the French,
No scorn of Yankee or of Russ.
The GLORY that our fathers gain'd
In bloody warfare years ago,
And which they talk of o'er their cups,
Gives us no joy to think upon.

In truth we rather love the French,
And think our fathers did them wrong ;
And sometimes blush when in the streets,
Quite out of date, an ancient song —
Ghost of a prejudice — comes back,
And tells us how, in days gone out,
The best of Englishmen was he
Who put a dozen French to rout.

We have no foolish thoughts like these,
Of France, or any other land ;

And jealousies so poor and mean,
We're somewhat slow to understand.
We'd rather with our friends, the French,
Encourage kindliness of thought,
Than gain a score of Waterloos,
Or any battle ever fought.

And in this year of 'forty-six,'
We rising men, in life's young prime,
Are men who think the French have done
The world good service in their time ;
And for their sakes, and for our own,
And Freedom's sake o'er all the earth,
We'd rather let old feuds expire,
And cling to something better worth.

If thought of battles gain'd by us
Disturb or gall them, let it rest ;
Napoleon was a man of men,
But neither wickedest nor best ;
Neither a demon nor a god ;
And if they *will* adore a king,
The honest man who rules them now
Deserves a little worshipping.

To be at strife, however just,
Has no attraction to our mind ;
And as for nations fond of war,
We think them pests of humankind.
Still — if there *must* be rivalry
Betwixt us and the French ; — why then

Let earth look on us, while we show
Which of the two are better men.

We'll try the rivalry of Arts,
Of Science, Learning, Freedom, Fame —
We'll try who first shall light the world
With Charity's divinest flame —
Who best shall elevate the poor,
And teach the wealthy to be true :
We want no rivalry of arms,
We want no boasts of Waterloo.

RETRACTION AND REPENTANCE

FOR HAVING CALLED LOUIS PHILIPPE AN HONEST MAN.

OCTOBER, 1847.

YES : I was wrong, and very wrong,
In the eulogium of my lay, —
So I indite another song,
To clear my conscience while I may.
A year ago I thought him wise, —
I thought him virtuous of intent ;
But time has purified my eyes,
And I repent me — I repent !

I thought and call'd him *honest man*,
Unsway'd by dirty love of pelf :
Too great to crave — too wise to plan
A mean advantage for himself.
I thought his high sagacious mind
A star to guide the nations sent ;
But I was hasty — I was blind,
And I repent me — I repent !

I thought he loved his native land,
And wish'd its ancient feuds to cease ;

I thought his firm and temperate hand
A sacred guarantee of peace ;
That he desired all earth to dwell
In friendship, freedom, and content ;
But I was wrong — I see it well,
And I repent me — I repent !

I knew not that his fingers itch'd
For ducats tempting, but defiled ;
That he could bear to be enrich'd
Upon the ruin of a child :
That lust of power had drain'd his mind
Of virtues, once its ornament, —
Of justice, honor, love of kind ;
But I repent me — I repent !

I never thought him lost to shame,
Or that in lewd unmanly plot,
He could conspire to blast the fame
And life of one that harm'd him not ;
That, to destroy a helpless girl,
He'd pander, bully, circumvent ;
I could not think him such a churl ;
And I repent me — I repent !

I did not think that pelf or power
Could make him play so foul a part ;
That he could barter, for a dower,
A nation's weal — a sovereign's heart.
That he could peril France and Spain —
All Europe — sooner than relent ;
But I was bias'd, it is plain,
And I repent me — I repent :

Nor I alone : — a murmur flies
O'er Europe — and men's bosoms glow
Indignant, as before their eyes
Is play'd this melodrame of woe.
Frenchmen that loved him, clench their hands,
And wait a time, now imminent,
To show to France and all the lands,
That they repent — that they repent !

THE VISION OF DANTON.

The Hôtel de Ville and the Place de Grève are celebrated as having been the scene of most of the present and preceding revolutions. The pavement of the Grève has been stained with the blood of the victims of all the revolutions, and with that of criminals executed by the hand of justice, till within the last few years. This fabulous dream of Danton, in the chambers of this historical mansion, the very Palace of Revolution, was written in October, 1847, in anticipation of the Revolution which broke out in February, 1848; and which was confidently predicted to the author at that time by two of the greatest writers in France, and each of whom has played a part in the drama that succeeded.

WEARY of strife renewed from day to day,
Th' inveterate war of parties brought to bay,
With clash of hatreds jarring on his sense,
And poison'd darts of hostile eloquence,
With all the excitement of the brain and heart,
That forms the life of men, who play their part
In mighty dramas, — Danton lay at rest,
His face to Heaven, his hands upon his breast,
And said within himself, — 'It must not be —
Surely this grief shall end, and France be free.'

He closed his eyes, and saw a vision pass
Clear as a show in a magician's glass;
He saw a figure massive like his own
Headless, and quivering, from a scaffold thrown;

He saw the pavement running red with blood,
And crowds insatiate dabbling in the flood.
He saw Despair at every threshold stand
And ruffian Terror stalking o'er the land,
And sigh'd remorseful — ' Mine the guilt,' said he,
' But surely it shall pass, and France be free.'

The vision changed : he saw th' embattled world,
And France defiant with her flag unfurled :
He heard her trumpets peal ; her cannons roar ;
Her captains shout and wave her tricolor.
He saw their leader fattening the sod
With bones of myriads ; heard the cry to God,
Raised by the ravaged lands ; he heard and saw
That Might was murder, and that Force was law ;
And sighed for pity — ' Heaven is just,' said he,
' And this new plague shall pass, and France be free.'

The vision darken'd : Paris the superb,
The beautiful, impatient of a curb,
Received the law from strangers at her gate,
And gave for insults nothing but her hate.
She who with trumpet-voice had roused the lands,
Felt on her prostrate neck the Cossack's hands ;
Heard in her panting streets th' invader's drum,
And groan'd for worse indignities to come :
And ev'n in slumber Danton blushed to see —
' Surely this shame shall pass, and France be free.'

It changed again : and lo ! a royal drone,
Untaught by suffering dozed upon the throne,

Or waking, fancied that his hands could bind
The tide of Thought, the Reason of mankind.
Another followed, bigoted, but strong,
Who, deeming Time had gone a century wrong,
Strove with a desperate force to turn the hand,
And bring the darkness back upon the land;
And Danton groan'd — ' Oh, that these eyes might see
This folly brought to shame, and France made free.'

The vision brighten'd : Paris as of old
Aroused her faubourgs as the tocsin toll'd ;
Placed in each hand a weapon for the Right,
And fought its battle in the world's despite ;
Dragg'd the degraded purple through the town,
Roll'd in the dust the sceptre and the crown ;
And read the nations listening far and near
A mighty lesson full of hope and fear ;
And Danton shouted in his sleep to see —
' Now has the sorrow passed, and France is free.'

Another change and shifting of the parts —
The fool was foil'd — the knave essay'd his arts ;
He hated Freedom and her priests and scribes,
And swore to crush her, not with force, but bribes.
Th' ignoble plan succeeded for a while —
The halcyon days of mammon and of guile ;
The dense corruption spread from high to low,
Till virtue perish'd in its overflow ;
And Danton groan'd — ' Oh, worst of infamy !
When shall this sorrow pass, and France be free ?'

What more he saw was dim before his eyes,
Shapes undefined and huge unsymmetries —
Darkness and storm and thunder-clouds afar,
And forms gigantic panoplied for war ;
But still a radiance glimmered through the cloud, —
And a voice seemed to speak to him aloud : —
' Not all in vain the struggles thou hast seen,
Truth bides her time and keeps her brow serene :
Each seed she scatters bears its destined tree —
The grief shall pass, and France shall yet be free.'

A WELCOME TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

MARCH, 1848.

WE do not cheer thee, faithless king,
Nor shout before thee now ;
We have no reverence for a thing
So false of heart as thou :
We form no crowds to welcome thee,
And yet we cannot hate —
Though parricide of liberty —
An old man desolate.

When, in such sudden dark eclipse,
We see thine overthrow ;
The hisses die upon our lips,
We turn and let thee go.
Poor, weak, denuded royalty,
So abject, so forlorn,
The greatness of thy misery
Shall shield thee from our scorn.

We saw thee yesterday elate
In majesty and pride,

Thy flowing wealth, thy gorgeous state,
Thy power half deified.
Based on the faults of humankind
We saw thy meshes lurk,
And constant Fortune's favoring wind
Still waft thee tools to work.

We saw thee building, building up
Thy pomps before our eyes,
And ever in thy flowing cup
The sparkling bubbles rise :—
Alliance, worship, all were thine,
And, spectacle unmeet,
Ev'n genius, drunk with bribery's wine,
Lay grovelling at thy feet.

When earnest men affirm'd the right,
And ask'd the judging Heaven,
If ever, since the birth of light,
Had fraud and falsehood thriven ?
Our fingers pointed with mistrust
To thee as our reply—
A living mockery of the just,
That gave their truth the lie.

All this thou wert but yester-morn—
Thy fall is Freedom's birth ;
To-day thou art a mark for scorn,
A vagrant on the earth.
A truth pervading all the lands
Inspired the people's heart—
It throb'd, it beat, it nerved their hands—
It made thee what thou art.

Lo, like a coward, self-accused,
We saw thee skulk and fly,
And hug a life that none refused,
For want of strength to die.
To 'scape th' imaginary chase
That made thy soul afraid,
We saw thy shifts, thy shaven face,
Thy piteous masquerade.

We blush'd, we groan'd, to see thee seek
Mean safety in disguise,
And, like a knavish bankrupt, sneak
From sight of honest eyes.
Forlorn old man, our hate expires
At spectacle like this—
Our pity kindles all its fires—
We have not heart to hiss.

Live on — thou hast not lived in vain.
A mighty truth uprears
Its radiant forehead o'er thy reign,
And lights the coming years:
Though specious Tyranny be strong,
Humanity is true,
And Empire based upon a wrong
Is rotten through and through.

Though falsehoods into system wrought,
Condensed into a plan,
May stand awhile, their power is nought—
There is a God in man.

His revolutions speak in ours,
And make His justice plain —
Old man forlorn, live out thine hours,
Thou hast not lived in vain.

KING SMITH.

“*Mr. Smith!*” exclaimed the King. “That is curious indeed, and very remarkable, that the first to welcome me should be a *Mr. Smith*, since the assumed name by which I escaped from France was SMITH; and, look! this is my passport made out in the name of Smith.” — *TIMES: March 6th, 1848.*

SAID great King Smith to great Guizot,
‘Does Virtue dwell in this world below?
I’ve travelled much, but never found
A true, good man above the ground.
How shall I curb this folk of mine —
This rampant, raging herd of swine?
To rule this people, what shall I do?
Tell me, Guizot — tell me true?’

‘The people! — bah!’ said great Guizot: —
‘Bribe the needy, high and low;
Pay them, tickle them — scatter wide
Star and ribbon to please their pride;
Give them places, give them pelf;
The law of man is the love of self.
Every conscience may be sold,
Every man has his price in gold.’

Said great King Smith to great Guizot, .
'Thou art the wisest man I know :
Honor and Virtue are mist and cloud ; —
Who looks for goodness in a crowd ?
Inborn villany dwells in man,
And we will work it as we can : —
In one hand bribes, in the other a sword,
And Smith shall rule, unquestioned Lord !'

So great King Smith and great Guizot
Opened the sluice for the mud to flow,
And cast about for needy knaves,
Groveling spirits, fawning slaves —
Paid their price, and ruled the land
With a strong and systematic hand,
Till the world avowed with stress and pith,
There was never a king so great as Smith.

Said great King Smith to great Guizot,
'Money's the only god below ;
And all my little Smiths must wed
Wives with money, or lack their bread.'
Said great Guizot, 'The truth is plain ;
There is a glorious prize in Spain —
One bride to make, and one to mar,
And cash in hand — how lucky we are !'

And great King Smith and great Guizot
Played the trick, as all men know ;
And never dreamed, in their great delight,
There was a day for the longest night —

Never dreamed that, in human hearts,
'There lurked a scorn of treacherous arts ;
Or that Retribution's arm of pith
Might do its duty even on Smith.

Said great King Smith to great Guizot,
'I hear a murmuring from below.'
Said great Guizot, 'The troops are strong,
Our game is sure — there's nothing wrong :
We'll send some grape-shot into the town —
We'll keep the restless people down.
We rule, O King, on a deep-laid plan ;
We know the worthlessness of man.'

But great King Smith and great Guizot
Made a fearful blunder, as we know ;
The Virtue scorned, the Truth denied,
Surged o'er the land in a living tide —
It swept Guizot clean out of the track,
With all his system on his back,
And wakened SMITH, as he dozed and dreamt,
And buried him in the world's contempt.

THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.

AROUND the board the guests were met, the lights above
them beaming,

And in their cups, replenish'd oft, the ruddy wine was
streaming ;

Their cheeks were flush'd their eyes were bright, their
hearts with pleasure bounded,

The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the
revel sounded.

I drain'd a goblet with the rest, and cried, ' Away with
sorrow !

Let us be happy for to-day ; what care we for to-
morrow ?'

But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber deep
came o'er me,

And, 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision
pass'd before me.

Methought I saw a demon rise : he held a mighty
bicker,

Whose burnish'd sides ran brimming o'er with floods
of burning liquor ;

Around him press'd a clamorous crowd, to taste this
liquor, greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering and
the needy ;
All those oppress'd by grief or debt, the dissolute, the
lazy,
Blear-eyed old men and reckless youths, and palsied
women crazy ;
'Give, give !' they cried, 'Give, give us drink, to
drown all thought of sorrow ;
If we are happy for to-day, we care not for to-morrow !'

The *first* drop warm'd their shivering skins, and drove
away their sadness ;
The *second* lit their sunken eyes, and fill'd their souls
with gladness ;
The *third* drop made them shout and roar, and play
each furious antic ;
The *fourth* drop boil'd their very blood ; and the *fifth*
drop drove them frantic.
'Drink !' said the Demon, 'Drink your fill ! drink of
these waters mellow ; —
They'll make your eye-balls sear and dull, and turn
your white skins yellow ;
They'll fill your homes with care and grief, and clothe
your backs with tatters ;
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts ; but never
mind ! — what matters ?

'Though virtue sink, and reason fail, and social ties
dissever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes
for ever ;

For I have built three mansions high, three strong and
goodly houses,

To lodge at last each jolly soul who all his life car-
rouses.

The *first*, it is a spacious house, to all but sots appall-
ing,

Where, by the parish bounty fed, vile, in the sunshine
crawling,

The worn-out drunkard ends his days, and eats the dole
of others,

A plague and burthen to himself, an eyesore to his
brothers.

‘The *second* is a lazar-house, rank, fetid, and unholy ;
Where, smitten by diseases foul and hopeless melan-
choly,

The victims of potations deep, pine on the couch of
sadness,

Some calling Death to end their pain, and others
wrought to madness :

The *third* and last is black and high, the abode of
guilt and anguish,

And full of dungeons deep and fast, where death-
doom’d felons languish ;

So drain the cup, and drain again ! One of my goodly
houses,

Shall lodge at last each jolly soul who to the dregs
carouses !’

But well he knew — that Demon old — how vain was
all his preaching,

The ragged crew that round him flock’d were heedless
of his teaching ;

Even as they heard his fearful words, they cried, with
shouts of laughter, —

‘ Out on the fool who mars to-day with thought of an
hereafter !

We care not for thy houses three ; we live but for the
present ;

And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers
pleasant.’

Loud laugh’d the fiend to hear them speak, and, lifting
high his bicker,

‘ Body and soul are mine ! ’ said he, ‘ I’ll have them
both for liquor.’

THE POET AND THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

A DIALOGUE.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

PRITHEE, Poet, why this spinning,
Spinning verses all the day ?
Vain and idle thy vocation, —
Thy art useless to the nation,
In thy labor and thy play.

Little doth the world esteem thee,
And it takes thee at thy worth ;
Loftiest rhyme that e'er was fashion'd,
Sounding, gorgeous, or impassion'd,
Is a drug upon the earth.

Go — and be a cotton-spinner ;
Put thy hand upon the spade ;
Weave a basket out of willow ;
Dig the mine, or sail the billow —
Anything but such a trade.

THE POET.

Why thy scorn, O man of logic ?
Speak of that within thy ken ;

I despise thee not ; — thy labors,
If they make us better neighbors,
Are not valueless to men.

Highly all the world esteems thee,
And a poet may declare,
That the wise should place reliance
On the efforts of thy science
To diminish human care.

Bring thy hidden truth to daylight,
And I'll ne'er complain of thee ;
Dull thou'rt call'd — and dullness cumbers,
Yet there's wisdom in *thy* numbers ;
Leave *my* numbers unto me.

Each of us fulfills a duty,
And, though scorn'd, I'll cling to mine,
With a passion ever growing,
In my heart to overflowing ; —
Cling thou with as much to thine.

Thou'rt a preacher ; *I'm* a prophet ;
Thou discourest to thy time ;
I discourse to generations ;
And the thoughts of unborn nations
Shall be fashion'd by my rhyme.

Thou, to dubious politicians,
Staid, and passionless, and slow,
Givest pros and cons with candor,
Bland and patient, ever blander
As thy trim deductions flow.

I send forth electric flashes
 To the bosom of the crowd ;
 Rule its pulses, cheer its sadness,
 Make it throb and pant with gladness,
 Till it answers me aloud.

Not for me to linger idly,
 Gathering garlands by the way ;
 Singing but of flowers and sunsets,
 Lovers' vows, or nightly onsets, ,
 Or of ladies fair as May.

No, the poet loves his calling,
 Nature's lyre is all his own ;
 He can sweep its strings prophetic,
 Till the nations, sympathetic,
 Gather breathless to its tone.

For he knows the PEOPLE listen
 When a mighty spirit speaks,
 And that none can stir them duly
 But the man that loves them truly,
 And from *them* his impulse seeks.

What they feel, but cannot utter ;
 What they hope for day and night ;—
These the words by which he fires them,
 Prompts them, leads them, and inspires them
 To do battle for the right.

These the words by which the many
 Cope for justice with the few ;—

These their watchwords, when oppression
Would resist the small concession
But a fraction of their due.

These the poet, music-hearted,
Blazons to the listening land ;
And for these all lands shall prize him,
Though the foolish may despise him,
Or the wise misunderstand.

Go thy way, then, man of logic,
In *thy* fashion, speak *thy* truth ; —
Thou hast fix'd, and I have chosen ; —
Thou shalt speak to blood that's frozen,
I to vigor and to youth.

Haply we shall both be useful,
And, perchance, more useful thou,
If their full degree of merit
Unto other moods of spirit
Thou wilt cherfully allow.

As for me, I fear no scorning,
And shall speak with earnest mind
What is in me ; — self-rewarded
If I aid, though unregarded,
The advancement of my kind.

TO A FRIEND AFRAID OF CRITICS.

AFRAID of critics ! an unworthy fear :
Great minds must learn their greatness and be bold.
Walk on thy way ; bring forth thine own true thought ;
Love thy high calling only for itself,
And find in working recompense for work,
And Envy's shaft shall whiz at thee in vain.
Despise not censure ; weigh if it be just,
And if it be — amend, whate'er the thought
Of him who cast it. Take the wise man's praise,
And love thyself the more that thou couldst earn
Meed so exalted ; but the blame of fools
Let it blow over like an idle whiff
Of poisonous tobacco in the streets,
Invasive of thy unoffending nose.
Their praise no better, only more perfumed.

The Critics — let me paint them as they are.
Some few I know, and love them from my soul ;
Polish'd, acute, deep read ; of inborn taste
Cultured into a virtue ; full of pith
And kindly vigor ; having won their spurs
In the great rivalry of friendly mind,

And generous to others, though unknown ;
Who would, having a thought, let all men know
The new discovery. But these are rare ;
And if thou find one, take him to thy heart,
And think his unbought praise both palm and crown,
A thing worth living for, were nought beside.
Fear thou no critic, if thou'rt true thyself ; —
And look for fame, *now*, if the wise approve,
Or, from a wiser jury yet unborn.
The Poetaster may be harm'd enough,
But Criticasters cannot crush a Bard.

If to be famous be thy sole intent,
And greatness be a mark beyond thy reach,
Manage the critics, and thou'lt win the game ;
Invite them to thy board, and give them feasts,
And foster them with unrelaxing care ;
And they will praise thee in their partial sheets,
And quite ignore the work of better men.
But if thou wilt not court them let them go,
And scorn the praise that sells itself for wine,
Or tacks itself upon success alone,
Hanging like spittle on a rich man's beard.

One, if thou'rt great, will cite from thy new book
The tamest passage, — something that thy soul
Revolts at, now the inspiration's o'er,
And would give all thou hast to blot from print
And sink into oblivion, — and will vaunt
The thing as beautiful, transcendent, rare —
The best thing thou hast done. Another friend,
With finer sense, will praise thy greatest thought,

Yet cavil at it; putting in his '*buts*'
And '*yets*' and little obvious hints,
That though 'tis good, the critic could have made
A work superior in its every part.
Another, in a pert and savage mood,
Without a reason, will condemn thee quite,
And strive to quench thee in a paragraph.
Another with dishonest waggery,
Will twist, misquote, and utterly pervert
Thy thought and words; and hug himself meanwhile
In the delusion, pleasant to his soul,
That thou art crush'd, and he a gentleman.

Another with a specious fair pretence,
Immaculately wise, will skim thy book,
And self-sufficient, from his desk look down
With undisguised contempt on thee and thine;
And sneer and snarl thee from his weekly court,
From an idea, spawn of his conceit,
That the best means to gain a great renown
For wisdom, is to sneer at all the world,
With strong denial that a good exists; —
That all is bad, imperfect, feeble, stale,
Except this critic who outshines mankind.

Another, with a foolish zeal, will prate
Of thy great excellence; and on thy head
Heap epithet on epithet of praise
In terms preposterous, that thou wilt blush
To be so smother'd with such fulsome lies.
Another, calmer, with laudations thin,
Unsavory and weak, will make it seem

That his good nature, not thy merit, prompts
The baseless adulation of his pen.
Another, with a bull-dog's bark, will bay
Foul names against thee for some fancied slight
Which thou ne'er dream'd of, and will damn thy work
For spite against the worker; while the next,
Who thinks thy faith or politics a crime,
Will bray displeasure from his monthly stall,
And prove thee dunce, that disagreeest with him.

And, last of all, some solemn sage, whose nod
Trimestrial, awes a world of little wits,
Will carefully avoid to name thy name,
Although thy words are in the mouths of men
And thy ideas in their inmost hearts,
Moulding events, and fashioning thy time
To nobler efforts. — Little matters it:
Whate'er thou art, thy value will appear.
If thou art bad, no praise will buoy thee up;
If thou art good, no censure weigh thee down,
Nor silence, nor neglect prevent thy fame.
So fear not thou the critics! Speak thy thought;
And, if thou'rt worthy, in the people's love
Thy name shall live, while lasts thy mother tongue.

TRUE FREEDOM,

AND HOW TO GAIN IT.

I.

WE want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For LIBERTY to fight ;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle-plain ;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

II.

WE love no triumphs sprung of force —
They stain her brightest cause :
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain ;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

III.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime ;
We join the cry, ' FRATERNITY !'
We keep the march of Time.
And yet we grasp nor pike nor spear,
Our victories to obtain ;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

IV.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong ;
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striv'n in vain ;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

V.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood —
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny ; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widows' groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren stain ;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

THE DYING MOTHER.

THE angels call me — lo, I come !
Children, I die ! I'm going home !
All pangs, save one, have pass'd away,
All griefs and sufferings of clay,
Except this lingering, fond distress,
That yields not to forgetfulness —
The last affection of my heart,
The pain, the grief, that we must part.

No more ! a hope to sorrow given
Says earthly love may bloom in heaven,
May soar, if pure, to God's right hand :
I go, I seek the happy land.
Ah ! no, not yet ; the sunshine fair
Revives me for a while : the air
Blows calm and cool. Oh, living breath !
It gives me strength to look on death.

It gives me courage to implore,
By all the love you ever bore, —
A foolish, fond, but last request, —
That you will choose my place of rest,

In the green fields, beneath a tree,
Where west winds linger lovingly,
Where dew may drop and buds may bloom,
And moonlight sleep upon my tomb.

I would not that my bones should lie
(Forgive the earthly vanity)
In rotting churchyards of the town,
Dishonor'd, public, trodden down,
To be disturb'd, untomb'd, exposed,
The secrets of my grave disclosed,
Ere kind decay had blurr'd the line
Of form and feature that were mine.

Although no pangs can touch our dust,
And death is stingless on the just,
Yet grant my prayer, and lay my clod
Far from the town, beneath the sod.
Who strews a flower, or drops a tear,
Or sighs, when passing crowds may hear —
Or watches fondly over graves
Where busy Traffic works her slaves ?

Husband, I die — my peace is won ;
I linger, but my race is run.
Oh ! choose a grave where I may sleep,
Untroubled, in a silence deep ;
Where thou, perchance, at evening's hour,
May'st o'er my headstone drop a flower ;
And where each sunny Sabbath day,
The children may come forth to pray.

Farewell, the world ! Come — kiss my lips !
My soul grows dark — 'tis life's eclipse.
Husband, farewell — I'm going hence —
I loved thee — love thee — parting sense
Abide, and let my tongue bestow
A mother's blessing ere I go.
The angels call me — lo ! I come —
Children ! I die — I'm going home !

TO IMPATIENT GENIUS.

PAINTER that with soul-creations
Would'st attain th' applause of nations ;
And deserve a name of glory
To be writ in future story ;

Work thy way.

Live with Nature, love her truly,
Wisely, wholly : — and so duly

Bide thy day.

With high thoughts thy mind adorning,
Heed no critic's shallow scorning,

Nor at yelping curs repine :

Every light must cast a shadow,

So must thine.

Sculptor, with ambition glowing,
Steep thyself to overflowing
In the majesty and greatness,
Strength, and beauty, and sedateness

Of th' antique :

But forget not living Nature,
Heavenly in its form and feature,

For the Greek.

Beauty is renew'd for ever : —
Let its love support endeavor,
 Though neglect enwrap thee now —
Work : — and men will find a laurel
 For thy brow.

Poet, singing in the earnest
Love and Hope with which thou burnest,
And upon a lofty summit
Sounding nature with the plummet
 Of thy song :
Grieve not if thy voice be chidden,
And thy tuneful lustre hidden
 Under wrong.
Scorn not Fame, but rise above it ;
Truth rewards the minds that love it ;
 Like the planets shine and sing ; —
Noontide follows every morning, —
 Summer, spring.

One and all, be up and doing ;
Glory needs incessant wooing ;
And if Faith — not mere ambition —
Prompts you to a noble mission,
 You shall rise :
But the acorn, small and flower-like,
Must have time to flourish bower-like
 To the skies.

Bide you yours : — of wealth not lustful ;
Ever patient, calm, and trustful : —
 Years shall magnify your bole,
And produce immortal foliage
 Of the soul.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

JUNE, 1846.

WEARY and sickening of the dull debate
And clang of politics; weary of hate
And sorrow, and calamity, and crime
Of daily history told us in our time;
Weary of wrong that rear'd its hydra head
And hiss'd from all its mouths; dispirited
With rich man's apathy to poor man's hurt,
And poor men's ignorance of their own desert,
And for a moment hopeless of mankind
And that great cause, the nearest to my mind,
Progress — the dream of poet and of sage —
I lean'd back in my chair, and dropp'd the page
Diurnal, fill'd with all the misery,
And fell asleep; if sleeping it could be
When, in their natural sequence in the brain,
Thought follow'd thought, more palpable and plain
Than when I waked; when words took music's voice,
And all my being inly did rejoice.
And what I saw, I sang of at the time,
With ease unparallel'd by waking rhyme,

And to this tune, which, many a day since then,
A haunting music has come back again.

Oh the golden city,
Shining far away !—
With its domes and steeples tall,
And the sunlight over all ;
With the waters of a bay
Rippling gently at its feet,
Dotted over with a fleet ;
Oh the golden city—so beautiful to see !
It shall open wide its portals,
And I'll tell you if it be
The city of the happy,
The city of the free.

Oh the glorious city,
Shining far away !—
In its boundaries every man
Makes his happiness a plan,
That he studies night and day,
Till he thinks it not alone,
Like his property, his own :
Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see !
But spreads it round about him,
Till all are bless'd as he ;
His mind an inward sunshine,
And bright eternally.

Oh the splendid city,
Gleaming far away !—

Every man by Love possess'd
Has a priest within his breast,
And, whene'er he kneels to pray,
Never breathes a thought unkind
Against men of other mind :

Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see !

But knows that God Eternal
Will shower all blessings free
On hearts that live to love Him,
And cling to Charity.

Oh the gorgeous city,
Shining far away !—
Where a Competence is bliss,
And each man that lives has this
For his labor of the day ;
A labor not too hard,
And a bountiful reward :

Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see !

Where mighty wheels creative
Revolve incessantly,
And Science gains to cheer him
A daily Victory.

Oh the glorious city,
Shining far away !—
Neither Misery nor Crime,
Nor the wrongs of ancient Time,
Nor the Kingly lust of sway
Ever come within its wall,
To degrade or to enthrall :

Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see !

But Peace and Love, and Knowledge,

The civilizing Three,

Still prove by Good that has been

The BETTER that may be.

Thus dream'd I, to this rhythm, or something near,
But far more copious, musical, and clear ;
And when I waken'd, still my fancy ran
'T was not *all* dream ; and that large Hopes for man
Were not such idle visions as the wise,
In days like ours, should heedlessly despise :
I thought that Love might be Religion yet,
Not form alone, but soul and substance met ;
The guide, the light, the glory of the mind,
Th' electric link uniting all mankind ;
That if men loved, and made their Love the Law,
All else would follow : — more than ever saw
Poet or Prophet in the utmost light
Of heavenly glory opening on his sight.
But dream, or no dream, take it as it came :
It gave *me* hope,—it may give *you* the same.
And as bright Hopes make the Intention strong,
Take heart with me, and muse upon my song.

THE ENGLISH PEEP-O'-DAY-BOYS.

Know ye not the Peep-o'-day-boys ? —

Bound, both heart and hand,
To do something worth the doing
For our English land ? —

Though no rebels and no traitors,
Yet a plot we've laid :

English hearts, we pray you give it
Countenance and aid ;

And the watchword, if you'll join us,
You shall learn anon :

Hear it — learn it — think upon it : —

' On — for ever on ! '

Sanguine are the Peep-o'-day-boys : —

Solemn league we've sworn,
That we'll fight a strenuous battle
For each child that's born :

And maintain with growing fervor
Its inherent right,

Not to bread and raiment only,
But to mental light —

To the food of Education,

To be kept from none : —

Join the phalanx, shouting with us

' On — for ever on !'

And we hopeful Peep-o'-day-boys,

Shamed by Vice and Crime,

Think we'll manage to reform them :

Only give us time.

And as Ignorance is mother

Of the teeming brood,

We have vow'd to cease no effort

Till she is subdued :

Sturdy war we'll make against her,

Till her strength is gone :

Aid us ; and repeat the watchword,

' On — for ever on !'

Other plots, we Peep-o'-day-boys,

Hour by hour, advance ;

And such hatred have we taken

To Intemperance,

As the plague-spot of the people,

Poisoning brain and heart,

That we've sworn to struggle with it

On the People's part,

And already gain'd some triumphs

And a benison :

Join our league ; and pass the watchword,

' On — for ever on !'

Then we think the Hangman's office

Ought not to endure :

Cruel quacks are not our doctors,
Killing's not our cure.
And 'tis portion of our compact,
Sworn with earnest faith,
That we'll make a sinecurist
: Of this man of death —
Both his trade and his example
Out of date are gone.
Aid the plot; and pass the watchword,
' *On — for ever on !*

And we active Peep-o'-day-boys,
Busy as we are,
Still have time to pick a quarrel
With the demon War.
Many a plot we form to thwart him :
And success, though slow,
Shall at last reward our efforts,
And we'll smite him low.
Late or early we shall vanquish
This Apollyon :
Join us — aid us — pass the watchword,
' *On — for ever on !*

Now you know the Peep-o'-day-boys ;
And they are not few : —
Over all the land you'll find them
Zealous, firm, and true ;
Never wearying in the struggle,
Lagging ne'er a jot :
Friend or foe, you're pledged to join us,
Now you're in the plot ;

You're the master of our secret —

Power of choice is gone : —

Take the vows ; and pass the watchword,

' *On — for ever on !* '

THE DEPOSITION OF KING CLOG.

KING CLOG was a mighty monarch,
He sat on his lofty seat,
With his golden crown and his ermine-down,
And his courtiers at his feet.
His power seem'd firm as the mountains —
Inert but strong was he ;
And he ruled the land with a heavy hand,
And a placid tyranny.
And whenever a boon was asked him,
He stared with a calm amaze,
And said, ' Ye foolish people,
Ye must stand on the ancient ways.'

And long o'er the suffering nations
King CLOG and his courtiers ruled,
And men half wise, who could use their eyes,
And were taught, and train'd, and school'd,
Conceived this ponderous monarch
Was bountiful, wise, and good ;
And held it just to kneel in the dust
And smear him with gratitude.
And whenever the people murmur'd,
The king and his statesmen frown'd,

But stoutly refused to aid them,
And so the world went round.

He was a drowsy monarch,
They were a drowsy crew,
And from hour to hour, in their pride of power,
Duller and drowsier grew :
But a cry for reformation,
Which rose for evermore,
Disturb'd their sleep with its mutterings deep,
And stirr'd them to the core :
' We will not change,' said the courtiers,
' For change is ever an ill ;
We'll crush these restless people,
If we cannot keep them still.'

But CLOG, like all things mortal,
Decay'd as he grew old,
He loved to dose, in warm repose,
High on his throne of gold.
And the people saw his weakness,
And shouted in his ear,
' We've groan'd too long in sorrow and wrong :
Awake ! let the right appear.'
And the king, with eyes half open'd,
A lingering answer sent : —
' Let me alone, ye rabble —
And toil — and be content.'

' We're weary of our bondage,'
Said they : ' Oh, king, be just ; —

We delve and spin, but cannot win
Our raiment and our crust;
We ask no boon from favor
That Justice should not give;
From cradle to grave we groan and slave,
And die that we may live.'
But CLOG replied, hard-hearted,
'Your sires were wise as you;
They never complained; — poor wretches,
Ye know not what ye do.'

But still the people clamor'd,
And the cry o'er the nation spread —
'Freedom of speech, freedom to teach,
Freedom to earn our bread;
These must we have, O monarch!
Whether you will or no; —
Too long we've pined, body and mind,
In ignorance and woe.'
'Let me alone, I pray you,'
Said CLOG, 'nor vex my soul;
As the world has roll'd for ages,
So must it ever roll.'

And he folded his arms on his bosom,
And slept, and never heard
The measured beat of the trampling feet,
And the oft-repeated word
That came from the solemn conclave
Of the people, met to plan
Some better laws, to aid the cause
Of the happiness of man:

Nor the voices loud resounding,
Like waves upon the shore,
That proclaim'd to the listening nations
That CLOG should rule no more.

But JOG, the next successor,
Who understood his time,
Stepp'd on the throne : — ' Father, begone ;
To linger is a crime.
Go to thy bed and slumber,
And leave the world to me ;
Thy mission's done ; thy race is run —
I'm ruler of the free.'
So CLOG retired, obedient,
And JOG, his son, was crown'd.
We hope he'll govern better : —
And so the world goes round.

THE OLD PHILOSOPHER'S ADVICE
TO A YOUNG ONE,

WHO WAS AFRAID TO SPEAK HIS MIND ON A GREAT QUESTION.

SHAME upon thee, craven spirit !
Is it manly, just or brave,
If a truth have shone within thee,
To conceal the light it gave ?
Captive of the world's opinion —
Free to speak — but yet a slave ?

All conviction should be valiant —
Tell thy truth — if truth it be ;
Never seek to stem its current,
Thoughts like rivers find the sea ;
It will fit the widening circle
Of Eternal Verity.

Speak thy thought if thou believ'st it,
Let it jostle whom it may,
Ev'n though the foolish scorn it,
Or the obstinate gainsay :
Every seed that grows to-morrow,
Lies beneath a clod to-day.

If our sires, the noble-hearted
Pioneers of things to come,
Had like thee been weak and timid,
Traitors to themselves, and dumb;
Where would be our present knowledge,
Where the hoped Millennium?

Where would be triumphant Science,
Searching with her fearless eyes,
Through the infinite creation
In the soul that underlies,—
Soul of Beauty, soul of Goodness,
Wisdom of the earth and skies?

Where would be all great Inventions,
Each from by-gone fancies born,
Issued first in doubt and darkness,
Launched 'mid apathy or scorn?
How could noontime ever light us,
But for dawning of the morn?

Where would be our free opinion,
Where the right to speak at all,
If our sires like thee, mistrustful,
Had been deaf to duty's call,
And concealed the thoughts within them,
Lying down for fear to fall?

Should an honest thought, outspoken,
Lead thee into chains or death—
What is life, compared with Virtue?
Shalt thou not survive thy breath!

Hark ! the future age invites thee !
Listen, trembler ! what it saith !

It demands thy thought in Justice,
Debt, not tribute of the free ;
Have not ages long departed,
Groaned and toiled and bled for thee ?
If the Past have lent thee wisdom,
Pay it to Futurity.

ELLEN EVELINA.

THOU hast smiles for all the world,
 Ellen Evelina ;
Beautiful those smiles may be,
Warm as sunshine and as free ;
But I'd rather, I confess,
Love a maid, who, smiling less,
Gave her sweetest smiles to me,
 Ellen Evelina.

Thou canst win the world's applause,
 Ellen Evelina ;
Thou'rt a wit and *bel esprit*,
Living upon flattery ;
But I'd rather all my days
Love a woman, seeking praise,
Not from others, but from me,
 Ellen Evelina.

When thou singest, hearts beat low,
 Ellen Evelina ;
Admiration great and free
Lingers on thy melody ;

But no song, however fair,
In my fancy can compare
With a whispered — ‘ I love thee,’

Ellen Evelina.

Oft I think against my will,
Ellen Evelina,
Notwithstanding all I see,
Bright and beautiful in thee,
That thou lovest, Oh my *belle*,
Thy enchanting self too well,
To give love enough to me,
Ellen Evelina.

Thou hast chosen — so have I —
Ellen Evelina ;
In thy track I’ll cease to run,
I will end as I begun ;
She whom I would choose for life,
For my love, my friend, my wife,
Must have heart — and thou hast none,
Ellen Evelina.

LADY JANE.

Oh, Lady Jane, dear Lady Jane,
Those beautiful and earnest eyes
Have shot their beams through many a brain,
And prompted many a world of sighs.
No wonder! — stony-hard and cold
Were he, who gazing on their light —
Ay, were he eighty winters old —
Felt no pulsation of delight.

But tell us, dearest Lady Jane,
What secret witchery and spell
Hast thou to rule the hearts of men,
That not the hardest can rebel?
The hearts of men? — Not theirs alone;
For women do not love thee less;
Thou hast some secret of thine own,
Thou saucy little sorceress!

The blind old beggar on the road,
Fed by thy bounty, loves thee more
For gentle sympathy bestowed,
Than for the tribute from thy store.

The peevish beldame, sour'd by want,
And teased by urchins far and near,
Selects thee for her confidant,
And breathes her sorrows in thine ear.

The kittens on the hearth prefer
Thy soft caress, than ours more sweet ;
And jealous hound, and snarling cur
Frolic with pleasure at thy feet.
The parrot swinging to and fro,
That sulks at others talks to thee ;
And tearful babes forget their woe
And cuddle, happy, round thy knee.

In fact, there's something, lady dear,
In thee, and on thee, and about,
A power — a charm — an atmosphere —
A fascination in and out,
That make all creatures, high and low,
Love thee and trust thee. Tell us, then,
The reason why we love thee so —
Thou little fairy, Lady Jane !

What can it be ? — for I confess
I know of beauty great as thine ; —
Yet if it be not loveliness,
'Tis something in thee more divine.
'Tis not thy wit — or eloquence —
And thou hast both in ample store ;
'Tis not thy birth — or wealth — or sense —
That makes us captive evermore.

What is it then ? — Thou canst not say —

Then let me tell thee, Lady Jane :

'Tis bright good humor, warm as day —

'Tis sympathy for others' pain —

'Tis heart, and mind, and patience rich —

'Tis loving-kindness, failing never ; —

These are thy spells, thou potent witch —

We can't resist — we're thine for ever !

THE HISTORY OF A PAIR OF EYES.

‘ You — tell the history of mine eyes ?

Well — some men’s fancies *are* unruly !

‘ T would take three volumes at the least —

Ay — twenty, — if you told it truly.’

‘ No matter : let me try the task,

Though possibly my heart may rue it,

If, gazing on their light meanwhile,

I strive to render justice to it.

‘ One morn — ’t was twenty Mays ago —

The meadows gleamed with flowery whiteness,

When on the world those eye-lids oped,

And showed their inner orbs of brightness ;

Two little gem-like spheres they were,

That knew no change of day or morrow ;

Yet shone ’mid tears, as if to prove

The joy that had been shown ’mid sorrow.

‘ Ere May a second time return’d,

Those little worlds were worlds of graces ;

They looked upon the earth and sky

And knew the light of loving faces.

They wept — they glittered — wept again —
And friends from strangers could remember,
And garner'd smiles beneath their lids,
To dart like meteors of November.

‘ Seven springs and summers cheer’d the earth —
Seven winters howl’d with stormy bluster,
And every season as it passed,
Left on those eyes increasing lustre.
They glow’d with many a baby-joy,
Suffused with tears of childlike gladness,
And sparkled with affections pure —
With hopes, and sympathies, and sadness.

‘ Ten years ; and then on Nature’s face,
Their long and silken lashes under,
At sunlight, starlight, or the moon,
They gazed with pleasure or with wonder.
They loved all lovely things of earth —
They beam’d with every sweet emotion —
Turn’d to the ground with modest grace,
Or look’d to Heaven with young devotion.

‘ But sixteen seasons wrought a change —
They learn’d a secret — by this token : —
That they could read in others’ eyes
The admiration never spoken.
They learned what tell-tale mirrors showed —
That whosoe’er might flout their bearer,
There might be maids as fair, perchance,
But not a living maiden fairer.

‘The knowledge brought its natural fruit,
But being linked with gentle feeling,
With sense, and modesty, and truth,
And virtue, past my wits’ revealing;
Men’s hearts were overthrown at once,
And through the world, you bright enslaver,
You walked — a thing of life and light —
On whom to look was joy and favor.

‘The hearts you wounded, who shall count?
Talk of three volumes of romances!
A hundred could not chronicle
The hurts, fatalities, mischances!
I cannot tell such endless tales
Half through, or quarter; who could read ’em?
Then, oh, be spiteful — heartless — vain —
And leave, oh, leave us to our freedom!

‘But while, as now, you win our hearts
By sense and virtue, wit and kindness,
We gaze — we doat — we kneel — we pray —
The wisest worst, for utter blindness.
Take pity, Clara, — make your choice —
The story of your eyes I’ve told you;
The sooner wed, the better fate
For those who hope as they behold you.’

* * *

So sang a knight of olden time;
The eyes he praised, with pleasure shining;
And Clara tripping from the porch,
Unloosed his arms around her twining.

‘I’ve made my choice, for love is blind,
And it has proved my wits’ undoing;
So fix the day, you foolish knight —
I’ll marry you, and stop your wooing!’

MY PLAYFELLOW.

WHAT though you're only five years old,
A little roguish, romping fairy,
And I'm a man of care and toil —
We're comrades true, my little Mary!
We're friends, and playmates, close and fond —
And heedless of the wind or weather;
Out-doors or in, 'tis all the same,
We leap, and laugh, and run together.

We love to sit upon the grass
In summer days, in shady valleys,
Or play at merry 'hide-and-seek'
Behind the trees in garden alleys.
And don't we wander forth alone,
To gather crops of meadow-daisies?
Or hunt the noisy grasshopper
In all his green and secret places?

And don't we catch the butterfly,
With mealy pinions, sailing lightly?
And don't you, when I let him free,
Gravely decide, I acted rightly?

And don't we teach the dog to beg,
And little puss to frisk and caper ?
And don't I paint you birds and fish,
And cut you purses out of paper ?

And don't we spin our humming-top
Together on the parlor table ?
And don't your father call me fool,
And smile to utter such a fable ?
And don't I tell you fairy tales,
At intercession of your mother ?
And don't you kiss me when I've done,
And ask me to begin another ?

And don't you oft, with hands outstretched,
And eyes that shine like sun-lit fountains,
Protest you love me — 'big as trees' —
'Big as the world — and all its mountains ?'
And don't you sometimes fall asleep,
Lock'd in my arms, quite worn and weary ?
And don't I carry you to bed,
Too drowsy for your prayers, my deary ?

Oh, yes ! we're friends, and comrades true,
There's not a bit of guile about you ;
You shed such light about your path,
I'd think the world was dark without you.
And if to fourscore years I live,
However Time and Fate may vary,
I'll wish no better friend than you,
My little, laughing, romping Mary.

THE DOUBTFUL CASE OF ABSTINENCE AND TEM-
PERANCE — WITH THE UMPIRE'S OPINION.

THE WATER-DRINKERS.

As long as there are wells and springs,
And clear, refreshing fountains,
As long as mighty rivers run
To ocean, from the mountains,
As long as seas give back to clouds
The rains that form the river,
We'll drink our draughts of water pure,
And bless the bounteous Giver.

THE WINE-DRINKERS.

As long as vineyards yield the grape,
And nectarines grow mellow,
As long as apples load the trees,
And barley-fields are yellow,
We'll drink our cider, ale, or mead,
And wine, the best of liquors,
And press whatever juice we please
To fill our flowing bickers.

THE WATER-DRINKERS.

Let those who toast the lords of war,
And demi-gods of battle,
Prefer the draught of fiery wine,
And make the tables rattle ;
We drink to men of fearful deeds,
To men abhorring slaughter,
The civilizers of the Earth,
And — here's to them ! — in water !

Let those whose fitful passions rove
From new to newer beauty,
Drink to their changeful loves in wine,
And scorn the charms of duty ;
We drink the mild domestic hearth,
The wife, the son, the daughter —
The bright fireside of honest men —
And — here's to it ! — in water !

THE WINE-DRINKERS.

Let you, who are so puling weak —
So lost to self-reliance,
As not to trust your own resolve
To bid excess defiance ;
Drink, if you will, at pumps and wells,
Lest use of wine should hurt you ;
We'll taste the blessings Heaven has sent,
Nor think denial virtue.

Poor souls ! you fear not other men,
You dread internal treason,

But if you starved for fear you'd choke,
You'd show as much of reason.
We too can honor virtuous love,
And fame unbought of slaughter —
We'll drink to both in wholesome wine;
And wash ourselves in water!

THE UMPIRE'S OPINION.

Like every umpire ever named,
A doubtful case to settle,
I can but say, I like ye both,
Oh goblet! and oh kettle! —
Whene'er I drink to honest hearts,
I'll drink with equal pleasure,
The limpid water from the brook,
Or wine in flowing measure.

Let those, who, masters of themselves,
Can use without abusing,
Drink the good wine whate'er it be —
I leave it to their choosing.
But those who feel their want of strength,
When woo'd by potions richer,
Are wise if they confine their draughts
To water from the pitcher.

STREET COMPANIONS.

WHENE'ER through Gray's Inn porch I stray,
I meet a spirit by the way ;
He wanders with me all alone,
And talks with me in under-tone.

The crowd is busy seeking gold,
It cannot see what I behold ;
I and the spirit pass along
Unknown, unnoticed, in the throng.

While on the grass the children run,
And maids go loitering in the sun,
I roam beneath the ancient trees,
And talk with him of mysteries.

The dull brick houses of the square,
The bustle of the thoroughfare,
The sounds, the sights, the tramp of men,
Are present, but forgotten then.

I see them, but I heed them not,
I hear, but silence clothes the spot ;

All voices die upon my brain,
Except that spirit's in the lane.

He breathes to me his burning thought,
He utters words with wisdom fraught,
He tells me truly what I am —
I walk with mighty Verulam.

He goes with me through crowded ways,
A friend and mentor in the maze,
Through Chancery Lane to Lincoln's Inn,
To Fleet Street, through the moil and din.

I meet another spirit there,
A blind old man with forehead fair,
Who ever walks the right-hand side,
Toward the fountain of St. Bride.

Amid the peal of jangling bells,
Or peoples' roar that falls and swells,
The whirl of wheels and tramp of steeds,
He talks to me of noble deeds.

I hear his voice above the crush,
As to and fro the people rush;
Benign and calm, upon his face
Sits Melancholy, robed in grace.

He hath no need of common eyes,
He sees the fields of Paradise;
He sees and pictures unto mine
A gorgeous vision, most divine.

He tells the story of the Fall,
He names the fiends in battle-call,
And shows my soul, in wonder dumb,
Heaven, Earth, and Pandemonium.

He tells of Lycidas the good,
And the sweet lady in the wood,
And teaches wisdom, high and holy,
In mirth and heavenly melancholy.

And oftentimes, with courage high,
He raises freedom's rallying cry;
And, ancient leader of the van,
Asserts the dignity of man —

Asserts the rights with trumpet tongue,
That Justice from Oppression wrung,
And poet, patriot, statesman, sage,
Guides by his own a future age.

With such companions at my side,
I float on London's human tide;
An atom on its billows thrown,
But lonely never, nor alone.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

LATE or early home returning,
In the starlight or the rain,
I beheld that lonely candle
Shining from his window-pane.
Ever o'er his tattered curtain,
Nightly looking, I could scan,
Aye inditing,
Writing — writing,
The pale figure of a man ;
Still discern behind him fall
The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,
By dim burning of my oil,
Filling aye his rapid leaflets,
I have watched him at his toil ;
Watched his broad and seamy forehead,
Watched his white industrious hand,
Ever passing
And repassing ;
Watched, and strove to understand
What impelled it — gold, or fame —
Bread, or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating vainly
In the silence of my mind,
What the services he rendered
To his country or his kind ;
Whether tones of ancient music,
Or the sound of modern gong,
Wisdom holy,
Humors lowly,
Sermon, essay, novel, song,
Or philosophy sublime,
Filled the measure of his time.

Of the mighty world of London
He was portion unto me,
Portion of my life's experience,
Fused into my memory.
Twilight saw him at his folios,
Morning saw his fingers run.
Laboring ever,
Wearying never
Of the task he had begun ;
Placid and content he seemed,
Like a man that toiled and dreamed.

No one sought him, no one knew him,
Undistinguished was his name ;
Never had his praise been uttered
By the oracles of fame.
Scanty fare and decent raiment,
Humble lodging, and a fire —
These he sought for,
These he wrought for,

And he gained his meek desire ;
Teaching men by written word —
Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him ;
Still might evening twilight fall,
But no taper lit his lattice —
Lay no shadow on his wall.
In the winter of his seasons,
In the midnight of his day,
'Mid his writing,
And inditing,
Death had beckoned him away,
Ere the sentence he had planned
Found completion at his hand.

But this man so old and nameless
Left behind him projects large,
Schemes of progress undeveloped,
Worthy of a nation's charge ;
Noble fancies uncompleted,
Germs of beauty immatured,
Only needing
Kindly feeding
To have flourished and endured ;
Meet reward in golden store
To have lived for evermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic
Perish in the active brain ?
What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again ?

What we lose because we honor
Overmuch the mighty dead,
And dispirit
Living merit,
Heaping scorn upon its head ?
Or perchance, when kinder grown,
Leaving it to die — alone ?

MARY AND LADY MARY ;

OR, NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

THE Lady Mary's placid eyes
Beam with no hopes, no memories ;
Beneath their lids no tear-drops flow
For Love or Pity, Joy or Woe.
She never knows, too barren she,
The fruitfulness of sympathy ;
She never weeps for others' pain,
Or smiles, except in her disdain.

Her face is pallid as the pearl,
Her hair is sleek, without a curl ;
With finger-tip she condescends
To touch the fingers of her friends,
As if she feared their palms might brand
Some moral stigma on her hand ;
Her pulse is calm, milk-white her skin,
She hath not blood enough to sin.

A very pattern, sage and staid,
Of all her sex — a model maid ;

Clear star — bright paragon of men —
She breaks no law of all the ten ;
Pure to the sight as snow-peak'd hill —
As inaccessible and chill —
In sunshine — but repelling heat —
And freezing in her own conceit.

If ever known to breathe a sigh,
It was for lack of flattery.
Though cold, insensible and dull,
Admirers call her beautiful ;
She sucks their incense, breathes it, doats
On her own praise, that gently floats
On Fashion's wave — and lies in wait
To catch admirers of her state.

In published charities, her name
Stands foremost, for she buys her fame ;
At church men see her thrice a-week,
In spirit proud, in aspect meek ;
Wearing Devotion like a mask,
So marble cold, that sinners ask,
Beholding her at Mercy's throne,
' Is this a woman or a stone ? '

But different, far, the little maid,
That dwells unnoticed in the shade
Of Lady Mary's pomp and power ;
A Mary, too, a simple flower,
With face all health, with cheeks all smile,
Undarkened by one cloud of guile ;
And ruddy lips that seem to say,
' Come kiss me, children, while ye may.'

A cordial hand, a chubby arm,
And hazel eyes, large, soft, and warm;
Dark hair in curls, a snow-like bust,
A look all innocence, all trust,
Lit up at times by sunny mirth,
Like summer smiling on the earth;
A ringing laugh, whose every note
Bursts in clear music from her throat.

A painter's daughter — poor, perchance,
But rich in native elegance;
God bless the maid — she may not be
Without *some* touch of vanity.
She twines red rose-buds in her hair,
And smiles to know herself so fair;
And quite believes, like other belles,
The pleasant tale her mirror tells.

A very woman, full of tears,
Hopes, blushes, tendernesses, fears,
Griefs, laughter, kindness, joys and sighs,
Loves, likings, friendships, sympathies;
A heart to feel for every woe,
And pity, if not dole, bestow;
A hand to give from scanty store,
A look to wish the offering more.

In artless faith and virtue strong,
Too loving to do Love a wrong;
She takes delight in simple things,
And in the sunshine works and sings.
Sweet bird! so meekly innocent,
The foulest hawk that ever rent

A trusting heart, would gaze, and fly,
And spare her in her purity.

Take Lady Mary ye who will,
Her woods, her castle on the hill,
Her lands o'er half a county spread —
And wither in her loveless bed ;
But give me Mary, frank and free,
Her beauty, grace, and modesty ;
I pass My Lady in the mart —
I take the Woman with the heart.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

MIGHTY river, oh, mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever,
Through the city so vast and old ;
Through massive bridges — by domes and spires,
Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires ; —
City of majesty, power, and gold ; —
Thou lovest to float on thy waters dull
The white-winged fleets so beautiful,
And the lordly steamers speeding along,
Wind-defying, and swift and strong ;
Thou bearest them all on thy motherly breast,
Laden with riches, at Trade's behest —
Bounteous Trade, whose wine and corn
Stock the garner and fill the horn,
Who gives us Luxury, Joy, and Pleasure,
Stintless, sumless, out of measure —
Thou art a rich and a mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

Doleful river, oh, doleful river,
Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver,

Through the city so drear and cold —
City of sorrows hard to bear,
Of guilt, injustice, and despair —
City of miseries untold ;
Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters,
The death-cold forms of Beauty's daughters ;
The corpses pale of the young and sad —
Of the old whom sorrow has goaded mad —
Mothers of babes that cannot know
The sires that left them to their woe —
Women forlorn, and men that run
The race of passion, and die undone ;
Thou takest them all in thy careless wave,
Thou givest them all a ready grave ;
Thou art a black and a doleful river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

In ebb and flow for ever and ever —
So rolls the world, thou murky river,
So rolls the tide, above and below :
Above, the rower impels his boat ;
Below, with the current the dead men float ; —
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,
While above, in the glitter, and pomp, and glare,
The flags of the vessels flap the air ;
But below in the silent under-tide,
The waters vomit the wretch that died :
Above, the sound of the music swells,
From the passing ship, from the city bells ;
From below there cometh a gurgling breath,
As the desperate diver yields to death :

Above and below the waters go,
Bearing their burden of Joy or Wo;
Rolling along, thou mighty river,
In ebb and flow for ever and ever.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was staunch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, money of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,
' *The coin is spurious, nail it down.*'

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in 'two and two';
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach;
And crushing their logic, said, with a frown,
' *Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*'

John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments, learned by rote,

Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
'*Nay, nay,*' said John, with an angry frown,
'*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*'

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and swore, with a frown,
'*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*'

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie if white was a small offence
To be forgiven by men of sense,
'*Nay, nay,*' said John, with a sigh and frown,
'*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*'

When told from the pulpit or the press,
That heaven was a place of exclusiveness,
That none but those could enter there
Who knelt with the 'orthodox' at prayer,
And held all virtues out of their pale
As idle works of no avail,
John's face grew dark, as he swore, with a frown,
'*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*'

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretences of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dressed up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim, with a frown,
'The coins are spurious, nail them down.'

THE POOR MAN'S BIRD.

A YEAR ago I had a child,
A little daughter fair and mild;
More precious than my life to me,
She sleeps beneath the churchyard tree.
Oh! she was good as she was fair,
Her presence was like balmy air;
She was a radiance in my room,
She was sunlight in my gloom.

She loved thee well, thou little bird,
Her voice and thine were ever heard;
They roused me when the morning shone,
But now I hear thy voice alone.
She called me gently to her side,
Gave me her bird, and, smiling, died.
Thou wert her last bequest to me;
I loved her fondly — I love thee.

'Tis true, I often think it hard,
Sweet lark, to keep thee here imbarred,
Whilst thou art singing all day long,
As if the fields inspired thy song,

As if the flow'rs, the woods, the streams,
Were present in thy waking dreams;
But yet, how can I let thee fly?
What could'st thou do with liberty?

What could'st *thou* do? — Alas, for me!
What should *I* do if wanting thee,
Sole relic of my Lucy dear?
There needs no talk — thou'rt prisoner here.
But I will make thy durance sweet,
I'll bring thee turf to cool thy feet;
Fresh turf, with daisies tipped in pink,
And water from the well to drink.

I need thee. Were it not to choose,
Ere sunshine dry the morning dews,
Thy fresh green turf, I should not stray
Out to the fields the live-long day —
I should be captive to the town,
And waste my life in alleys brown;
Thy wants impel me to the sward,
And Nature's face is my reward.

Sweet bird, thou 'wakenest by thy song
Bright memories and affections strong;
At sight of thee I dream of flowers,
And running streams, and branching bowers;
But most of her whose little face
Was luminous with love and grace;
Thou art a link I may not break —
I love thee for my Lucy's sake.

UNKNOWN ROMANCES.

I.

OFt have I wandered when the first faint light
Of morning shone upon the steeple vanes
Of sleeping London, through the silent night,
Musing on memories of joys and pains; —
And looking down long vistas of dim lanes
And shadowy streets, one after other spread
In endless coil, have thought what hopes now dead
Once bloomed in every house, what tearful rains
Women have wept for husband, sire, or son,
What love and sorrow ran their course in each,
And what great silent tragedies were done; —
And wished the dumb and secret walls had speech,
That they might whisper to me, one by one,
The sad true lessons that their walls might teach.

II.

Close and forgetful witnesses, they hide,
In nuptial chamber, attic, or saloon,
Many a legend sad of desolate bride
And mournful mother, blighted all too soon;

Of strong men's agony, despair, and pride,
And mental glory darkened ere its noon.
But let the legends perish in their place,
For well I know where'er these walls have seen
Humanity's upturned and heavenly face,
That there has virtue, there has courage been —
That ev'n 'mid passions foul, and vices base,
Some ray of goodness interposed between.
Ye voiceless houses, ever as I gaze,
This moral flashes from your walls serene.

THE FLOATING STRAW.

A THOUGHT IN THE COMMERCIAL PANIC OF 1847.

THE wild waves are my nightly pillows,
Beneath me roll th' Atlantic billows ;
And as I rest on my couch of brine
I watch the eternal planets shine.
Ever I ride
On a harmless tide,
Fearing naught — enjoying all things —
Undisturbed by great or small things.

Alas ! for the lordly vessel
That sails so gallantly.
The winds may dash it,
The storms may wash it,
The lightnings rend its tall masts three ;
But neither the wind, nor the rain, nor the sea
Can injure me — can injure me.
The lightnings cannot strike me down,
Whirlwinds wreck, or whirlpools drown ;
And the ship to be lost ere the break of morn,
May pass o'er my head in saucy scorn ;

And when the night unveils its face,
I may float, unharmed, in my usual place,
And the ship may show to the pitying stars
No remnant but her broken spars.

Among the shells
In the ocean dells
The ships, the crews, and the captains lie,
But the floating straw looks up to the sky.
And the humble and contented man,
Unknown to fortune, escapes her ban,
And rides secure when breakers leap,
And mighty ships go down to the deep.

May pleasant breezes waft them home
That plough with their keels the driving foam.
Heaven be their hope, and Truth their law ;—
There needs no prayer for the floating straw.

A QUESTION ANSWERED

WHAT to do to make thy fame
Live beyond thee in the tomb?
And thine honorable name
Shine, a star, through History's gloom?

Seize the Spirit of thy Time,
Take the measure of his height,
Look into his eyes sublime,
And imbue thee with their light.

Know his words e'er they are spoken,
And with utterance loud and clear,
Firm, persuasive, and unbroken,
Breathe them in the people's ear.

Think whate'er the Spirit thinks,
Feel, thyself, whate'er he feels,
Drink at fountains where he drinks,
And reveal what he reveals.

And whate'er thy medium be,
Canvas, stone, or printed sheet,
Fiction, or philosophy,
Or a ballad for the street ;

Or, perchance, with passion fraught,
Spoken words, like lightnings thrown,
Tell the people all thy thought,
And the world shall be thine own.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise —
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than *this*, my suffering brother —
More than the tongue
Ever said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

THE GOLDEN MADNESS.

By the road-side there sat an aged man,
Who all day long from dawn into the night
Counted with weary fingers heaps of stones.
His red eyes dropped with rheum, his yellow hands
Trembled with palsy, his pale sunken cheeks
Were marked with deep and venerable seams,
His flat bald brow was ever bent to earth,
His few grey hairs waved to the passing winds,
His straggling teeth, blackened and carious,
Rattled and tumbled from his bloodless gums.
I spoke him kindly, saying, ' Why this toil
At task like this, cracking thy rotten bones,
To gain nor health, nor recompense, nor thanks ? '
He made no answer, but went counting on,
Mumbling and muttering slowly to himself,
Chinking the stones with melancholy sound,
Piece after piece ; looking nor right, nor left,
Nor upwards, but aye down upon the heap.
I asked again, ' What is it that thou dost,
Wasting the remnant of thy days in toil,
Without fruition to thyself or kind,
As earnestly as if these stones were gold,

And all thine own to spend and to enjoy ?'
He looked upon me with a vacant eye,
And stopped not in his task. 'Gold ! didst thou say ?
They *are* gold — precious, ready coined, and pure,
And all mine own to spend and to enjoy,
When I have counted them. So, get thee gone,
Unless thou art a borrower or a thief,
When I shall summon aid to make thee go,
And scourge thee for thy pains.' And aye he chinked
The flints, and pebbles, and small chips of slate,
One after one, muttering their numbers o'er,
At every hundred stopping for awhile
To rub his withered palms, and eye the heap
With idiot happiness, ere he resumed.

There came a stranger by the way. I asked
If he knew aught of this forlorn old man.
'Right well,' he said ; 'the creature is insane,
And hath been ever since he had a beard.
He first went mad for greediness of gold.'
'Know ye his story ?' 'Perfectly,' said he.
'Look how he counts his miserable flints
And bits of slate. Twelve mortal hours each day
He sits at work, summer and winter both.
'Mid storm or sunshine, heat or nipping frost,
He counts and counts ; and since his limbs were young,
Till now that he is crooked and stiffened old,
He hath not missed a day. The silly wretch
Believes each stone a lump of shining gold,
And that he made a bargain with the fiend,
That if he'd count one thousand million coins
Of minted gold, audibly, one by one,

The gold should be his own the very hour
When he had told the thousand millionth piece ;
Provided always, as such bargains go,
The fiend should have his soul in recompense.

‘ Unskilled in figures but brimful of greed,
He chuckled at his bargain, and began ;
And for a year reckoned with hopeful heart.
At last a glimpse of light broke on his sense,
And showed the fool that millions — quickly said —
Were not so quickly counted as he thought.
But still he plies his melancholy task,
Dreaming of boundless wealth and curbless power,
And slavish worship from his fellow-men.

‘ If he could reckon fifty thousand stones
Daily, and miss no day in all the year,
'T would take him five-and-fifty years of life
To reach the awful millions he desires.
He has been fifty of these years or more
Feeding his coward soul with this conceit.
Exposed to every blast, starved, wretched, old,
Toothless, and clothed with rags and squalidness,
He eyes his fancied treasure with delight,
And thinks to cheat the devil at the last.
Look at his drivelling lips, his bloodshot eyes,
His trembling hands, his loose and yellow skin,
His flimsy rottenness, and own with me
That this man's madness, though a piteous thing,
Deserves no pity, for the avarice
So mean and filthy that was cause of it.’

I gazed once more upon his wrinkled face,
Vacant with idiotcy, and went my way

Filled with disgust and sorrow, for I deemed
That his great lunacy was but a type
Of many a smaller madness as abject,
That daily takes possession of men's hearts
And blinds them to the uses of their life.
Poor fool! he gathers stones — they gather gold
With toil and moil, thick sweat and grovelling thought;
He has his flints, and they acquire their coin.
And who's the wiser? Neither he nor they.

THE MOWERS.

AN ANTICIPATION OF THE CHOLERA, JANUARY, 1848.

DENSE on the stream the vapors lay,
Thick as wool on the cold highway;
Spongy and dim each lonely lamp
Shone o'er the streets so dull and damp;
The moonbeam could not pierce the cloud
That swathed the city like a shroud.
There stood three Shapes on the bridge alone,
Three figures by the coping stone!
Gaunt, and tall, and undefined,
Spectres built of mist and wind;
Changing ever in form and height,
But black and palpable to sight.

'This is a city fair to see,'
Whispered one of the fearful three;
'A mighty tribute it pays to me.
Into its river, winding slow,
Thick and foul from shore to shore,
The vessels come, the vessels go,
And teeming lands their riches pour.

It spreads beneath the murky sky
A wilderness of masonry ;
Huge, unshapely, overgrown,
Dingy brick and blackened stone.
Mammon is its chief and lord,
Monarch slavishly adored ;
Mammon sitting side by side
With Pomp, and Luxury, and Pride ;
Who call his large dominions theirs,
Nor dream a portion is Despair's.

‘ Countless thousands bend to me
In rags and purple, in hovel and hall,
And pay the tax of misery
With tears and blood, and spoken gall.
Whenever they cry
For aid to die,
I give them courage to dare the worst,
And leave their ban on a world accurst.
I show them the river so black and deep,
They take the plunge, they sink to sleep ;
I show them poison, I show them rope,
They rush to death without a hope.
Poison, and rope, and pistol ball,
Welcome either, welcome all !
I am the lord of the teeming town —
I mow them down, I mow them down !’

‘ Aye thou art great, but greater I,’
The second spectre made reply ;
‘ Thou rulest with a frown austere,
Thy name is synonym of Fear.

But I, despotic and hard as thou,
Have a laughing lip, an open brow.
I build a temple in every lane,
I have a palace in every street;
And the victims throng to the doors amain,
And wallow like swine beneath my feet.
To me the strong man gives his health,
The wise man reason, the rich man wealth,
Maids their virtue, youth its charms,
And mothers the children in their arms.
Thou art a slayer of mortal men —
Thou of the unit, I of the ten;
Great thou art, but greater I,
To decimate humanity.
'Tis *I* am the lord of the teeming town —
I mow them down, I mow them down !

‘ Vain boasters, to exult at death,’
The third replied, ‘ so feebly done ;
I ope my jaws, and with a breath
Slay thousands while you think of one.
All the blood that Cæsar spilled,
All that Alexander drew,
All the hosts by “glory” killed,
From Agincourt to Waterloo,
Compared with those whom I have slain,
Are but a river to the main.
I brew disease in stagnant pools,
And wandering here, disporting there,
Favored much by knaves and fools,
I poison streams, I taint the air ;
I shake from my locks the spreading pest,
I keep the typhus at my behest ;

In filth and slime
I crawl, I climb.
I find the workman at his trade,
 I blow on his lips and down he lies;
I look in the face of the ruddiest maid,
 And straight the fire forsakes her eyes —
 She droops, she sickens, and she dies;
I stint the growth of babes new born,
Or shear them off like standing corn;
I rob the sunshine of its glow,
I poison all the winds that blow;
Whenever they pass they suck my breath,
And freight their wings with certain death.
'Tis *I* am the lord of the crowded town —
I mow them down, I mow them down!

‘But great as we are, there cometh one
 Greater than you — greater than I,
To aid the deeds that shall be done,
To end the work that we’ve begun,
 And thin this thick humanity.
I see his footmarks east and west,
 I hear his tread in the silence fall,
He shall not sleep, he shall not rest —
 He comes to aid us one and all.
Were men as wise as men might be,
They would not work for you, for me,
For him that cometh over the sea;
But they will not heed the warning voice.
The Cholera comes, rejoice! rejoice!
*He shall be lord of the swarming town,
And mow them down, and mow them down!’*

SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I.

I'M poor and quite unknown,
I have neither fame nor rank;
My labor is all I own,
I have no gold at the bank;
I'm one of the common crowd,
Despised of the passers-by,
Contemned by the rich and proud —
Said I to myself, said I.

I want, and I cannot obtain,
The luxuries of the earth;
My raiment is scant and plain,
And I live in the fear of dearth;
While others can laugh or sing,
I have ever some cause to sigh;
I'm a weary wanderling —
Said I to myself, said I.

But is this grieving just?
Is it wise to fret and wail?
Is it right, thou speck of dust,
Thine envy should prevail?

Is it fitting thou should'st close
Thy sight to the sunny sky,
And an utter dark suppose?
Said I to myself, said I.

If poor, thou hast thy health;
If humble, thou art strong;
And the lark, that knows not wealth,
Ever sings a happy song.
The flow'rs rejoice in the air,
And give thy needs the lie; —
Thou'rt a fool to foster care,
Said I to myself, said I.

If the wants of thy pride be great,
The needs of thy health are small,
And the world is the man's estate
Who can wisely enjoy it all.
For him is the landscape spread,
For him do the breezes ply,
For him is the day-beam shed —
Said I to myself, said I.

For him are the oceans rolled,
For him do the rivers run,
For him doth the year unfold
Her bounties to the sun;
For him, if his heart be pure,
Shall common things supply
All pleasures that endure —
Said I to myself, said I.

For him each blade of grass
 Waves pleasure as it grows ;
For him, as the light clouds pass,
 A spirit of beauty flows ;
For him, as the streamlets leap,
 Or the winds on the tree-tops sigh,
Comes a music sweet and deep —
 Said I to myself, said I.

Nor of earth are his joys alone,
 How mean soever his state —
On him from the starry zone
 His ministering angels wait ;
With him in voiceless thought
 They hold communion high ;
By them are his fancies fraught —
 Said I to myself, said I.

I will mould my life afresh,
 I will circumscribe desire ;
Farewell to ye, griefs of flesh !
 And let my soul aspire.
I will make my wishes few,
 That my joys may multiply ;
Adieu, false wants, adieu ! —
 Said I to myself, said I.

AN APPEAL TO PARIS.

OCTOBER, 1847.

[At the time these lines were written and published, the author did not expect that his prediction of a revolution would be so speedily fulfilled ; nor that a despotism would so shortly emerge from the re-establishment of the Republic. He still hopes (1852) that the liberty of the French people will yet result.]

BEAUTIFUL Paris ! morning star of nations !
The Lucifer of cities ! Lifting high
The beacon blaze of young democracy !
Medina and Gomorrha both in one —
Medina of a high and holy creed,
To be developed in a coming time ;
Gomorrha, rampant with all vice and guilt : —
Luxurious, godless, grovelling, soaring Paris,
Laden with intellect, and yet not wise : —
Metropolis of satire and lampoon,
Of wit, of elegance, of mirth, of song,
And fearful tragedies done day by day,
Which put our hair on end in the open streets : —
The busy hive of awful memories,
The potent arbiter of popular will,
The great electric centre whence the shocks

Of pulsing freedom vibrate through the world : —
Beautiful Paris ! sacred to our hearts,
With all thy folly, all thy wickedness,
If but for Bailly, Vergniaud, Gensonné,
And noblest Roland, she of Roman soul,
And the great patriots and friends of man,
Who went to death for holy liberty.
Lift up thy voice, oh, Paris ! once again,
And speak the thought that labors in thy breast.
Shake off thy gauds and tinsels — be thyself ;
Cease thy lewd jests, and heartless revelries,
And adorations of all worthless things —
Thy scorn, thy sarcasm, and thy unbelief,
And in the conflict and the march of men
Do justice to thy nature, and complete
The glorious work, so gloriously begun
By the great souls of pregnant eighty-nine.
Come forth, oh, Paris ! freed from vice and stain,
Like a young warrior, dallying too long
With loving women, wasting precious hours
In base delights and enervating sloth,
Who, when he shakes them off, puts back his hair
From his broad brow, and places on his head
The plumed helmet — throws his velvets off,
And swathes his vigorous limbs in glancing steel,
To lead true hearts to struggle for mankind.
Or if no more, soldier of liberty,
Thou'lt lead the nations — stand upon the hill,
And, like a prophet, preach a holy creed
Of freedom, progress, peace, and happiness ;
And all the world shall listen to thy voice,
And Tyranny, hyena big with young,

Dreading the sound, shall farrow in affright,
And drop, still-born, her sanguinary cubs,
And many a bloody feud be spared mankind.
Poland again, with desperate grasp, shall seize
The neck of her enslaver, and extort
Full justice from his terror. Hungary,
Ermined and crowned, shall sit in her own seat
In peaceful state and sober majesty.
And Italy, unloosening her bonds
By her strong will, shall be at last the home
Of broadly based and virtuous liberty;
And in her bosom nurture evermore,
Not the fierce virtues of her Roman youth,
But the calm blessings of her later time —
Science and art, and civilizing trade,
Divine philosophy, diviner song,
And true religion reconciled with man.
Speak out, oh, Paris! Purify thyself
By noble thoughts, and deeds will follow them.
The world has need of thee. Humanity
Droops for thy dalliance with degraded things,
Alien, and most unworthy of the soul
That sleeps within thee. Rouse thyself, oh, Paris!
The time expects thee. Pyrenees, and Alps,
And Appenines, and snow-clad Balkans, wait,
With all their echoes, to repeat the words
Which thou *must* utter! Thou hast slumbered long—
Long dallied. Speak! The world will answer thee!

THOUGHTS.

TRUE thoughts, your days of grief are done,
No more shall scorn or hate impede you —
Born in the light, where'er the sun
Shines on mankind, mankind shall heed you.

So grow, ye grains of mustard-seed,
Grow each into a tree,
And kindle, sparks, to beal-fires bright,
That all the earth may see ;
And spread, ye thoughts of Truth and Right,
O'er all humanity.

Time *was* when thoughts bore tears and death
To the wise few that dared to raise them ;
Time *is* when thoughts are living breath,
And the world's throbbing heart obeys them.

So grow, ye grains of mustard-seed,
Grow each into a tree,
And kindle, sparks, to beal-fires bright,
That all the earth may see ;
And spread, ye workers for the Right,
Onwards eternally.

THE PHILOSOPHIST.

A PORTRAIT.

HE turns to heaven his small grey eyes,
He opes his lips in pompous wise,
And lets his measured accents fall
With a rough burr and northern drawl,
As he expounds his theories.

He talks of Nature and her laws,
Of man, the mind, the great First Cause,
Demand, supply, life, death, increase,
The over-fruitfulness of peace,
And prates upon them, clause by clause.

War, like a thunder-storm, quoth he,
Is moral electricity ;
It thins the heavy air, makes clear
The dense and dangerous atmosphere
O'erladen with humanity.

'Tis cruel shame, mistake most dire,
That men should mate in young desire,

And trust alone to honest toil,
The kindly heaven, the genial soil,
For food, and shelter, and attire.

He thinks it time the truth were said —
That mouths, too many to be fed,
Swarm on the superpopulous land,
And that small wit may understand
That stupid peasants should not wed.

He thinks it decent, for the sake
Of lords with large domains at stake,
That 'common people' should not breed
More plenteously than they can feed,
And that steam husbandmen would 'take.'

If each poor couple, boors and clowns,
Or dirty artizans of towns,
Would, when they wed, produce but two
To take their place in season due,
Philosophy might spare its frowns ;

But this not chancing, he declares
The rich alone should live in pairs,
And for their sake each other man
Consume as little as he can,
And die unmated in his cares.

He thinks, while sympathy is sure,
That mendicancy is the cure
For pauperism ; that 't is not right
To mulct the rich in their despite,
But that the poor should feed the poor.

This said, he clasps his fingers ten,
And sniffs th' applause of voice and pen ;
Bows placidly, goes home to dine,
And wastes the food, in pomp and wine,
Of half a hundred better men.

MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

AN ASPIRATION FROM LONDON.

WHAT time the fern puts forth its rings,
What time the early throstle sings,
I love to fly the murky town,
And tread the moorlands, bare and brown ;
From greenest level of the glens,
To barest summit of the Bens,
To trace the torrents where they flow,
Serene or brawling, fierce or slow ;
To linger pleased, and loiter long,
A silent listener to their song.

Farewell, ye streets ! Again I'll sit
On crags to watch the shadows flit ;
To list the buzzing of the bee,
Or branches waving like a sea ;
To hear far off the cuckoo's note,
Or lark's clear carol high afloat,
And find a joy in every sound,
Of air, the water, or the ground ;
Of fancies full, though fixing nought,
And thinking — heedless of my thought.

Farewell ! and in the teeth of care
I'll breathe the buxom mountain air,
Feed vision upon dyes and hues
That from the hill-top interfuse,
White rocks, and lichens born of spray,
Dark heather tufts, and mosses grey,
Green grass, blue sky, and boulders brown,
With amber waters glistening down,
And early flowers blue, white, and pink,
That fringe with beauty all the brink.

Farewell, ye streets ! Beneath an arch
Of drooping birch or feathery larch,
Or mountain ash that o'er it bends,
I'll watch some streamlet as it wends ;
Some brook whose tune its course betrays,
Whose verdure dogs its hidden ways —
Verdure of trees and bloom of flowers,
And music fresher than the showers,
Soft-dripping where the tendrils twine ;
And all its beauty shall be mine.

Aye, mine, to bring me joy and health,
And endless store of mental wealth —
Wealth ever given to hearts that warm
To loveliness of sound or form,
And that can see in Nature's face
A hope, a beauty, and a grace —
That in the city or the woods,
In thoroughfares or solitudes,
Can live their life at Nature's call,
Despising nothing, loving all.

Sweet streams, that over summits leap,
Or fair in rock-hewn basins sleep ;
That foaming burst in bright cascades,
Or toy with cowslips in the shades ;
That shout till earth and sky grow mute,
Or tinkle lowly as a lute ;
That sing a song of lusty joy,
Or murmur like a love-lorn boy,
That creep or fall, that flow or run —
I doat upon you every one.

For many a day of calm delight,
And hour of pleasure stol'n from night ;
For morning freshness, joy of noon,
And beauty rising with the moon ;
For health, encrimsoner of cheeks,
And wisdom gained on mountain peaks ;
For inward light from Nature won,
And visions gilded by the sun ;
For fancies fair, and waking dreams —
I love ye all, ye mountain streams.

BARON BRAEMAR:

OR, THE LORD OF GLEN TILT.

‘I’M lord of the Corrie, I’m chief of the Ben,
I rule like a kaiser o’er mountain and glen;
The people may tramp over city and town,
But their feet shall not tread on my moorlands so brown.
Their presence would trouble the tremulous deer,
And grouse, and not men, shall be denizens here,
As long as my title holds good against bar,
And all for my pleasure,’ quoth Baron Braemar.

‘I’ve drained off the peasants, I’ve banished them forth,
There is scarcely a Celt on the hills of the North;
And the few that remain by the shores of the sea,
May die or live on without hindrance from me.
And, thanks to the law, while my land is my own
I’ll keep it for grouse, or the red-deer alone,
And roam o’er my mountains supreme as a czar,
And meet not a pauper,’ quoth Baron Braemar.

‘The land may be lovely, most pleasant its paths,
Most lordly its mountains, most verdant its straths,

Most beauteous the torrents that scatter their spray,
Or dash down in foam, o'er the rocks in the way ;
What matters its beauty to cockneys or snobs,
To Jones or to Jenkins, to Smith or to Hobbs ?
The region is mine, both the near and the far ;
They shall not behold it,' quoth Baron Braemar.

'What business have they in my glens or my woods,
To clamber my mountains, to roam by my floods,
To tread my wild heather, or wander at will
From the vale to the mist-covered cope of the hill ?
Did *I* not inherit ? am *I* not the lord ?
Let them place but a foot upon moorland or sward,
And my dogs and my gillies shall "nose" them afar,
And hunt them for pastime,' quoth Baron Braemar.

'T'is true that a murmur resounds from the crowd,
A murmur fast spreading, indignant, and loud,
That starts ugly questions of "Justice" and "Right,"
And doubts to be solved by the popular might ; —
A murmur which hints that such questions should sleep
If those who still *hold* are desirous to *keep* ; —
But let them rail on — 'tis with *words* that they war ;
My weapons are stronger,' quoth Baron Braemar.

O mighty Lord Baron, great dealer in deer,
Great owner of moorlands, a word in your ear : —
Would you like, in your fulness of insolent pride,
To farm out the sea and take rents for the tide ?
Would you like the Earth's fatness to grow but for you ?
Would you shut us from sunshine, the air, and the dew ?
Would you fence out the sky from us vulgar afar ? —
You would if you could, my Lord Baron Braemar.

One word as a warning : — We think 't would be wise
If you'd come from your deserts and open your eyes ; —
Free foot on the mountain, free path in the glen —
Not *all* for your cattle — leave something for men.
And if from the tourist you shrink with dismay,
Turn the wilds into cornfields and keep him away :
Our isle is too narrow for Nimrods, by far ;
We cannot afford them, my Lord of Braemar.

Were Commerce extinct — were our Trade at a stand —
Were the mouths to be fed growing few in the land —
Were we back to the point of a century ago —
We might leave you your moors to go shooting upon.
But e'en in such case 't would be worse than insane
To refuse us a sight of the hills where you reign.
Is it safer just now ? — Look at things as they are,
And be wise while there's time, my Lord Baron Braemar.

THE DUOMO OF SYRACUSE.

RELICS OF PAGANISM IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES.

Two English travellers walked through Syracuse,
And gazed upon the Duomo. 'Strange,' said one,
'To find such relic of departed times,
And such a junction of the Old and New,
The Pagan Temple and the Christian shrine.
It shocks the notions of us western men,
To find such combination in a church.
Minerva and the Virgin are not names
That people like to utter in one breath.'

'Yet,' said the other, 'if we think awhile,
Odd as it seems, that old Minerva's fane
Should echo with the chants of Christian priests,
And that these Pagan relics should endure
So far into the middle of this age
Of printing, electricity, and steam;
These ancient pillars are but harmless stones,
That do not fructify; but in our thoughts,
Our actions, and our modes of utterance,
We have some relics that are stranger far.
Our very "Sunday" is a Pagan word,

The relic of a worship long expired.
Our "Monday" Pagan; "Tuesday"; all the week —
We've not a single name among the seven,
That is not heathen — either Greek or Norse.
And then our months are quite as destitute
Of Christian meaning; only one of twelve,
And that in language hidden from the crowd,
Proclaims its true relation to the year —
April — the opener of the breathing spring.
The rest are either named from heathen gods,
And heathen Cæsars; relics of their pride —
Or carry like September to the three
That follow to the climax of the year
A false misnumbering, on their innocent fronts,
Stamped on them by the Pagan men of Rome.

‘ But all our speech is tainted less or more
With the incongruous mixture : lovers still
Write, speak and think of Venus and her charms.
Cupid is more a Cupid to the mass
Of European people, young and old,
Than e'er he was to Romans or to Greeks.
Hymen's a name familiar to all ears,
And bears his torch as bravely as of yore —
While Bacchus plays a part in modern speech,
As if the English really credited
That such a being brewed their foaming malt,
Or for the French and Germans pressed the grape.
We blame the "Fates" for our calamities,
And "Fortune," in the speech of heedless men,
Is a blind goddess, as she was of old.
'Tis scarcely twenty years since poets dropped
Their invocations to the "tuneful nine : " —

But they've learned better : and if poet now
Appealed, except in jesting, to the Muse,
The critics, daily and hebdomadal,
Monthly and quarterly, would tilt him down
And crush him for the future into prose —
Or, better still, to silence, and a trade.

‘ Not only these, which are but forms of words,
But Pagan thoughts and Pagan rites remain,
And Pagan superstitions without end.
Omens and auguries, Pagan every one,
Infect the popular mind. We spill the salt,
And dread calamity. The thirteenth guest
Sits at the board, and gloom but ill concealed
Dwells in each Pagan mind. The blazing coal
Flies from the grate — and lo ! the gossip sees
A coffin or a purse. The piebald horse,
Or flight of magpies, or a bumpkin's path,
Becomes an augury of good or ill.
In fact, good friend, if we reflect we'll find
We're somewhat heathen through all Christendom.
Minerva's pillars, Pagan though they be,
Yet serve a Christian end in Syracuse :
We cannot say as much for Pagan words
And Pagan thoughts that linger with ourselves.’

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

GREAT King William spread before him
All his stores of wealth untold,
Diamonds, emeralds, and rubies,
Heaps on heaps of minted gold.
Mournfully he gazed upon it
As it glittered in the sun,
Sighing to himself, 'Oh! treasure
Held in care, by sorrow won;
Millions think me rich and happy,
But, alas! before me piled,
I would give thee ten times over
For the slumbers of a child.'

Great King William from his turret
Heard the martial trumpets blow,
Saw the crimson banners floating
Of a countless host below;
Saw their weapons flash in sunlight,
As the squadrons trod the sward;
And he sigh'd, 'Oh! mighty army,
Hear thy miserable lord;

At my word thy legions gather —
At my nod thy captains bend —
But with all thy power and splendor,
I would give thee for a friend !

Great King William stood on Windsor,
Looking from its castled height,
O'er his wide-spread realm of England
Glittering in the morning light ;
Looking on the tranquil river
And the forest waving free,
And he sigh'd, ' Oh ! land of beauty,
Fondled by the circling sea,
Mine thou art, but I would yield thee,
And be happy, could I gain,
In exchange, a peasant's garden
And a conscience free from stain.'

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

WE may not praise the good old times
For all that they record,
When Wrong was Right, if saucy Might
Affirmed it with the sword.
The gate and bridge, the moat and tower,
Were best defences then,
Rough hearts were served by sturdy hands,
And Force was king of men.
But though our sires had errors great,
Their virtues let us own;
They made the poor their welcome guests —
They hushed the widow's moan.

When redbreasts sought the garden plot,
To pick the scanty crumb;
When winds blew cold o'er frozen wold,
And all the groves were dumb;
When poverty and age were sad,
To see the drifting flakes;
When widows kissed their orphan babes,
And shuddered for their sakes;

'Then glowed the fire upon the hearth ;
 In many an ancient hall
The tables shook—the platters smoked—
 The poor were welcome all.

The Ancient Virtue is not dead,
 And long may it endure ;
May wealth in England never fail,
 Nor pity for the poor.
Though cold inhospitable skies
 O'erarch us as we stand,
They cannot dull the genial hearts
 That glow within the land.
And evermore when winds blow cold
 We'll imitate our sires—
We'll spread the board—we'll feed the poor—
 We'll light the cottage fires.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

GIVE, oh give us English welcomes,
We'll forgive the English skies;
English homes and English manners,
And the light of English eyes.
Give us for our props in peril,
English valor, pith, and stress,
And for wives sweet English maidens
Radiant in their loveliness.

Foreign tastes perchance may differ,
On our virtues or our laws,
But who sees an English matron,
And withholds his deep applause?
Who beholds an English maiden,
Bright and modest, fair and free,
And denies the willing tribute —
Of a fond idolatry?

Lovely are the maids of Rhineland,
Glowing are the maids of Spain,
French, Italians, Greeks, Circassians,
Woo our homage — not in vain —

But for Beauty to enchant us,
And for Virtue to enthrall,
Give our hearts the girls of England —
Dearer, — better than them all.

THE SWING: A LOVER'S DIALOGUE.

‘I LOVE my Love in the days of Spring,
With her I’ll go a-garlanding,
A-garlanding in the merry May,
Laughing and singing all the day.
We roam the woods, we trace the streams,
Our waking thoughts are bright as dreams;
No bee on the blossom, no lark in the sky,
Is happier than my love and I.’

I love to swing in the garden-bowers,
Under the branches all alone ;—
I’ve heard your speeches, full of flowers,
Till I am weary of the hours —
So, prithee, babbler, get you gone.
Can you not leave me to myself?
I want to swing and not to woo ;
I’ve had no rest, since first betrothed,
I’ve been a listener to you.

‘I’ll love my Love in the Summer-time,
Our years shall ripen to their prime ;
We’ll sit in the shade a little more,
Beneath the elm-trees at our door ;

We'll watch the joy our children run,
We'll give the world our benison;
No bird in its nest on the tree-tops high
Shall be more blithe than my Love and I.'

'Tis very well. You talk: — no doubt: —
Let go the rope — pick up my glove —
You're in the way — stand further out —
You'll make me scold, you awkward lout.
And so you call such fancies, '*Love?*'
You cannot help it? — '*Love,*' indeed!
I vow I'll never praise it more;
I'd just as soon praise two and two
For condescending to be four!

'I'll love my Love in the Autumn eves,
We'll gather in our barley sheaves,
We'll reap our corn; we'll press our vine,
We'll hear on the hills our lowing kine;
We'll pluck our peaches from the wall,
We'll give our friends a festival:
There is no joy the world can buy
That we shall not share; — my Love and I.'

Ah, well! I think I'll be resigned;
But, prithee, let me swing in peace, —
I cannot hear the whispering wind,
Nor stockdove in the woods behind,
You make such prattle, — will you cease?
Do stand aside and give me room, —
If thus our stream of life must flow,
I'll bear as calmly as I can
The love you've threatened to bestow.

‘I’ll love my Love in the Winter cold,
So shall our tale of life be told;
We’ll sit together by the hearth,
Spectators of a younger mirth;
And as the children come and go
We’ll dwell in the light where their faces glow:
We’ll live in love; and loving die,
And still love on, my Love and I.’

There — take my hand — put on my glove —
And help me gently from the swing,
I’ve had enough — and as for love,
I swear by all yon clouds above,
I cannot trust in such a thing.
And yet — ’tis pleasant to believe
That some one loves us — not in vain —
So, sweetheart, when you swing me next,
I’d like to hear that song again.

HAPPY DAYS.

COME back — come back — thou youthful Time
When joy and innocence were ours,
When life was in its vernal prime,
And redolent of sweets and flowers.
Come back — and let us roam once more
Free-hearted through Life's pleasant ways,
And gather garlands as of yore —
Come back — come back — ye happy days.

Come back — come back — 't was pleasant then
To cherish faith in Love and Truth,
For nothing in dispraise of men
Had sour'd the temper of our youth.
Come back — and let us still believe
The gorgeous dream Romance displays,
Nor trust the tale that men deceive —
Come back — come back — ye happy days.

Come back — oh freshness of the past —
When every face seem'd fair and kind,
When sunward every eye was cast,
And all the shadows fell behind.

Come back!—'t will come; true hearts can turn
Their own Decembers into Mays,
The secret be it ours to learn—
They come—they come—the happy days!

1860

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